

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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The White Man in Africa

NOW that Il Duce has won the war in Ethiopia, all Africa, with the trifling exception of Liberia, is under the domination of the white man. Two-thirds of the country is occupied by France and Great Britain. The French territory includes the Mediterranean States, Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, and the island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, with an area of about 4,232,737 square miles, and a population of 38,500,000. The British possessions are, on the whole, more habitable. If Egypt is ranked with them, their area is approximately 3,925,000 square miles, and the population about 65,000,000. Between them, France and Great Britain control about two-thirds of all Africa, with the remaining third held by Italy, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain.

A tremendous responsibility for Africa's material, intellectual, and religious welfare thus devolves upon the white race, and it must be faced. At the present time, not much is to be feared from native uprisings, although the Communists have been working with remarkable assiduity among a number of the tribes. Still, the rule of the white man—again confining our view to the immediate future—does not seem seriously threatened from that quarter. There will probably be uprisings from time to time, most of them engineered by whites in the supposed interests of various European countries. Few will have a genuinely native origin. For weal or for woe, and we hope for the first, the blacks are now under foreign control, and it seems altogether probable that their status is fixed indefinitely. The white man can have his way with defenseless Africa. Should his way prove to be nothing but exploitation, an era of misery has set in for the Dark Continent.

The story of how the white man has endeavored to carry

the burden of the blacks in Africa does not indicate a motive of charity or even of philanthropy. It smacks of the counting house, the stock exchange, and the cash register. The foreign slave trade was abandoned at the moment that it ceased to be profitable, and the domestic slave trade has been publicly cursed by officials who do not seem to recognize the old ugly reality under a new name. Africa has had many civilizing expeditions which began with a Bible and a gun, and ended with machine guns and no Bible. For what the missions of all the religious organizations have tried to do, we have unfeigned respect, but we venture to state, subject to correction by the better informed, that in some districts the native has grown to look upon the missionary as an agent for some business concern that is not above sharp dealing at his expense, rather than as the Ambassador of Christ. The missionary, hoping for a better day, works on with resentment in his heart at governors and satraps who allow him to preach the Gospel as long as preaching stimulates business, and muzzle him when he demands that the native be treated not as a machine for making money, but as a brother created in God's own image.

With the missionary, we too hope for better days. Six countries, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain, can assure peace and civilization for exploited Africa, if they will. But they must administer their African possessions on a common policy, drawn up to promote the material and spiritual welfare of the natives. Governments exist for no other reason. They are not formed among men to exploit an alleged “glory,” which generally consists in bringing weaker peoples under a cruel yoke, but to protect their own citizens, and by their adherence to the basic principles of justice and charity to promote the welfare of peoples everywhere.

No man has a right to impose his will upon another

to the extent that one is made the master and the other the slave; nor has any nation a just title to exploit another primarily for its own advantage. Every nation is bound to use its possessions as a rich man is obliged to use his wealth, that is, in accord with right reason, and as the steward of the poor. To administer them in any other manner is to work against the right order established by Him Who made men, and by Whom states are sustained. To governments, trade is not everything; it is not even their most important interest. They cannot long continue, but are drained of their life blood, when they embark upon policies which are strangers to honor, justice, charity, and truth.

African possessions may be valuable as war bases or as political pawns, but, as P. W. Wilson points out in the *New York Times* (May 10), measured in terms of Western values, their commercial trade is not worth much. With Italy's entrance into Ethiopia, a determined effort will be made to increase business by bringing in Italian and foreign capital. To the extent that these efforts, which will probably be paralleled in the other possessions, open to the Negro new means of civilization, they are praiseworthy. But if the white man in Africa is to justify his presence there, he must make new and hitherto undreamed of efforts to support the missionaries who are laboring to bring to the natives in Africa the knowledge of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the treasures of His one true Church.

The Law of Libel

IT has been said that the United States has forty-eight different types of law on libel. There may be some exaggeration in that claim, but it seems to be true that what is libel in one State may be considered only "fair comment" in another. Probably this variation explains why a committee appointed last year by the American Law Institute has just recommended, according to the newspaper reports, "liberalization of the law of libel."

In view of the American custom of "calling names," especially during political campaigns, we are not sure that a wider freedom appeals to us. Our British cousins are far more strict in this respect. When an editor or a public speaker undertakes to discuss the character of one of his fellow-men, he had better be sure of his facts, and even in that case he may find it exceedingly difficult to show that what he says or publishes is actually in the public interest. In some respects the law of New York, to cite but one particular instance, is quite as strict, and the same is true of other jurisdictions. The difference lies in the fact that with us enforcement of the legal limitations on the right to speak and to print is much looser.

From the viewpoint of morals, it is altogether proper to draw attention to the faults, even though they be secret, of a candidate for office, when these shortcomings are of a kind that make him unfit for the position he seeks. But the critic must be certain on three points; first, that the faults are real, not supposititious; second, that they actually disqualify for office, or, at least, imply grave unfitness for it; and, third, that no other means of de-

feating the candidate are available. In our political campaigns, however, suspicion is quite commonly considered as valuable as certainty.

Some months ago Owen D. Young expressed his hope that the coming presidential campaign would be free from the defamation and bad feeling which have characterized so many American political contests. We share that hope, and if we must have a uniform law of libel, greater strictness rather than "larger liberality" is needed.

Henry Woods, S.J., R.I.P.

WITH the death of Henry Woods, priest of the Society of Jesus, at the University of Santa Clara on May 4, this Review loses another of its original group of Associate Editors. Father Woods began his eighty-third year on April 27, and had lived for fifty-eight years in the Society.

The story of his life flows unbrokenly through long years of devoted work for God and for his fellow-men. He was born in London, England, the son of an Anglican clergyman. At the age of six, he was brought by way of the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco to Victoria, British Columbia. As a young man, he secured employment with a banking company in Victoria, and in 1875 was sent to one of its branches in San Francisco. Father Woods spoke little of those early days, but the reason for this transfer is said to have originated in a financial crisis, at the end of which the company felt that it was necessary to staff the branch with picked men. It was in his new home that Henry Woods was to find his true vocation. Shortly after coming to San Francisco, he became a member of the Catholic Church, and relinquishing what promised to be a brilliant career, the young man, like another Matthew, left his tables to follow Christ yet more closely. He petitioned for admission into the Society of Jesus, and was received in 1878.

It was plain from the beginning that Henry Woods was no ordinary man. His motto was "deeds, not words," and even in those early days he began to manifest those qualities of heart and mind which, in the words of the San Francisco *Examiner*, were to make him "a beloved priest and scholar." Shortly after his ordination, he was appointed vice-president of St. Ignatius College, the predecessor of the present University of San Francisco. Offices and functions of a domestic kind, which showed the trust reposed in him by his Superiors and by his fellow-Jesuits, came to him, but, with the exception of five years spent as Associate Editor of this Review (1909-1914) he was chiefly engaged in the apostolic work of Catholic education. The philosophic cast of his mind, and his unusual literary gifts, not the least of them a love of Horace which remained with him to the end, made him a brilliant teacher. During these years, he published "Ludi Ignatiani," a collection of poems and short plays, "Jesus Christ, the Exiled King," "First Book of Ethics," "The Creature Operating in His Creatures," and "Augustine and Evolution," besides contributing many articles to this Review and to other Catholic magazines.

When he was no longer able to teach in the halls of his University, Father Woods dispensed from his room and the confessional, to student and professor alike, the mellowed wisdom of his years of toil and experience. "Father Woods worked all his life with tremendous zeal (and no heroics) in the service of His Master," wrote the editor of the *San Francisco Recorder*. The description is most apt: "tremendous zeal and no heroics." For his soul, we ask a prayer.

An Evil Growth

AT the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Columbus, a memorial was presented asking endorsement by the Conference of "the principles of the birth-control legislation now pending in Congress." The fundamental principle of this legislation is, of course, that the use of physical and chemical devices to frustrate the natural power and purpose of the conjugal act is perfectly proper. Specifically, the bill now before Congress would permit physicians, clinics, and hospitals to use the mails for the transmission of various contraceptive devices. The bill would also greatly stimulate a traffic which at present is outlawed.

It is not surprising that this memorial was presented, for something of the sort is offered at almost every Protestant meeting. But it is indeed surprising, not to say shocking, to observe how many Methodist and other Protestant organizations have publicly approved this grave social evil. The memorial was submitted by the president of Ohio Wesleyan University, and was signed by a number of prominent Methodist clergymen, and by the trustees of the Women's Home Missionary Society. The signers pointed out that similar proposals had been accepted by the Conferences of California, Michigan, Wisconsin, and New England, by the Northeast Ohio Annual Conference, and by other Methodist groups. Other supporters alleged were the Lambeth Conference of Bishops, the Council of Jewish Rabbis, the Federal Council of Churches in America, the American Unitarian Association, and the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches.

It is doubtless true that very many members of these churches and societies are one with Catholics in their abhorrence of contraception. Yet it is clear that their influence is not strong enough to make itself felt, and in the face of the steady trend toward approval of this evil, they must be aware that they are fighting a losing battle. The majority opinion in these religious associations approves these physical and chemical devices as altogether proper and, indeed, praiseworthy, substitutes for self-control. Members of the dissident minority must hold their peace as they see the organizations which they have revered as moral leaders approve courses of conduct which they know to be destructive of morality.

The usual cant has been employed by the supporters of this bill. A harrowing picture is drawn of physicians who are now unable to use the mails for the transmission of contraceptives, but the picture is wholly imaginary.

To come down to plain blunt facts, there are few cities in the United States, unfortunately, in which even a casual applicant at any corner drug store will be unable to supply himself with these vile devices. We are not so simple as to believe that either the trade or the postal service is closed to the physician who cares to soil his fingers with the business. Enactment of the legislation pending in Congress would neither aid nor hinder any reputable physician in the exercise of his profession. The chief effect would be to spread the use of these devices among the unmarried and the often-married, and to add to the profits of the companies which manufacture them.

We are far from attributing motives of a lower order to the signers of the memorial presented at Columbus. What we deplore in them is a blindness which utterly disqualifies them as moral leaders. For the sake of a fancied temporal advantage, they are ready to throw over a law held sacred by their fathers, and by the vast majority of Christians today. "But no reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good," writes Pius XI, in the Encyclical on Christian Marriage. Those who frustrate nature by the use of these contraceptives "sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious." That is the position of the Catholic Church, and from it all the power of the gates of hell cannot move her.

The Crooked Mile

PEERING out from his laurels, J. Edgar Hoover announces that the race has only begun. Mr. Hoover occupies some kind of position at Washington, the name of which escapes us, but his work, as all know, is to see that no criminal evades the heavy hand of the Federal courts. Mr. Hoover's recent exploits in capturing kidnappers makes us curious to know what type of criminal is next on his list for suppression. He does not keep us in suspense. The prey he has marked for destruction is the criminal's hardly less criminal lawyers, and the more deeply criminal politicians who prevent the police from doing their work.

We regret that the pursuer in this case is not the American Bar Association backed by the local bars. But the job must be finished swiftly, and the bar associations have been moving languidly when they moved at all. We only hope that Mr. Hoover, undertaking his laudable enterprise, will do nothing to confirm the popular idea that men accused of crime really have no rights, and may be shot down on sight. That idea is quite as lawless as any project which our most famous criminals have yet supported. When brought to book, the least of the rights of the man accused of crime must be scrupulously respected, and one of the first of these is his right to be represented by counsel. When rights are not respected, we may look for a reversal by the higher courts. The case must then be tried again, with witnesses missing, perhaps, and all the accompaniments of a "cold" case. That is precisely what the guilty man wants.

But no one has a right to a crooked counsel, and no counsel has any right to be crooked. If Mr. Hoover can clear the bar of lawyers who by preference walk the crooked mile, he will deserve nothing less than the Congressional Medal. The police can generally be depended upon to do their duty, but they cannot fight criminals and criminal politicians and criminal lawyers all at the same time, and hope to win. Give the police a free hand, and we shall have safer communities and more populous penitentiaries.

Note and Comment

Rural Hospital

ANOTHER of the many instances of application of the cooperative plan based upon Christian principles to every-day needs is seen in the action taken recently by the farmers of St. Andrew's, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, in using the plan for the establishment of a hospital. This they succeeded in doing by means of profits returned to them as members of a cooperative store. So far as can be learned, says the *Northwest Review*, of Winnipeg, Man., this is the first scheme of its kind on the continent and the people of the St. Andrew's district with their pastor, the Rev. J. M. McPherson, are being widely proclaimed as pioneers in a great movement. At a large meeting of the cooperative society it was decided that a certain percentage of patronage dividends, that is, profits returned to customers, would be paid over to St. Martha's Hospital which in return would provide these consumers and their families with free ward service for five weeks, free ordinary medicine, and free laboratory service. Patients requiring rooms would receive them at half cost; the same reduction would be made for X-ray service. As an indication of the popularity of the plan fifteen new members have joined the society since the program was announced three weeks ago. Prof. A. B. MacDonald, of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, stated that community libraries, playgrounds, recreation halls, and similar projects could be secured the same way.

Ethiopia and The Copts

ALL the newspapers last week reported that Haile Selassie was seeking spiritual solace for his woes by daily prayer in the Coptic church in Jerusalem. Meanwhile, a New York *Times* correspondent in Addis Ababa got an interesting interview with Abuna Cyril, head of the Ethiopian Coptic Church. According to this prelate, the conquering Italians will not interfere in religious matters; the Ethiopian Church "will run parallel with the mother church in Rome." This last statement is likely to mystify American readers, who know little about the religious situation along the Red Sea. Perhaps a thumbnail history will clear up matters. We have to begin, though, with Egypt. In 450, Catholics in Egypt (called

Copts) fell into the grave heresy which taught that Christ has one, and not two, natures. These Egyptian Monophysites soon traveled south and captured the flourishing Christian community in Ethiopia—where Catholicism had been preached by St. Frumentius about a hundred years previously. As a result, the Ethiopian Christians have been Monophysites for centuries, and have formed a branch of the Coptic Church. Our readers will understand, therefore, that Abuna Cyril is a non-Catholic prelate and that his church is not in union with Rome. For the record's sake, however, we should add that today in Ethiopia (if you include Eritrea) there are thousands of Catholics. Many of them are Latin Catholics. But the others are Catholic Copts. A Catholic Copt rejects the one-nature heresy. He is in union with the Pope. But the Mass he attends is almost exactly like the Mass said by the Abuna Cyril. It is founded on the ancient Alexandrian Mass of St. Mark, but translated from the old Greek to Coptic and then to Géez.

Question Not Begged

SPEAKING at a meeting of the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia on January 2, Dr. John M. Fisher termed the pretence of concern for the physical welfare of women as merely a "sly attempt to beg the question" for securing a main objective: "a law that would be as useless in theory as it would be vicious in practice." Dr. Fisher plainly gave the figures warning of increasing depopulation. In their report read on May 12 at the session of the American Medical Association in Kansas City, the Association's special committee on birth control came to the conclusion "as a result of an extensive investigation":

1. That at present the part of our population with the best education and presumably the most competent socially and economically is not reproducing itself and that birth-control propaganda is practically responsible for this condition.

2. No evidence is available to justify the broad claim that dissemination of contraceptive information will improve the economic status of the lower income groups.

3. Nor that existing laws, Federal or State, have interfered with any medical advice which a physician has felt called upon to furnish his patients, but that clarification of the laws is desirable.

"Contraception has been kept before the general public by well-organized propagandists," the committee stated, "and most people are relatively uninformed as to the possible dangers." To the facts as summed up in these conclusions, numbers 1 and 2, birth-control groups have so far proved themselves utterly impotent to give an intelligible answer. The question of birth control's essentially dysgenic character simply cannot indefinitely be begged. The British PEP, or "Political and Economic Planning Group," concludes from existing population curves that "the British market of the future, with its swelling numbers of elderly people and its dwindling numbers of children, will be different from anything known in the past." According to recent estimates, if the present birth rate continues, the entire population of England and Wales by 2036 will not exceed that of the London metropolis today. Such facts are ignored by the Sangerites, already stung

and angry at the findings of the A. M. A. But facts will ultimately explode theories.

"Well-organized Propaganda"

A TYPICAL example of the propaganda denounced by the committee of the A. M. A. appeared in the newspapers when Margaret Sanger returned from her well-advertised trip around the world. The Mahatma Gandhi, we were told in headlines, was in favor of her birth-control ideas. Mrs. Sanger told the reporters that India's holy man and politician approved the general idea. One reporter, however, more acute than his kind, asked her if he approved of contraceptives. She answered that he "was reluctant to indorse practical measures," and added, "he just didn't seem to know much about the subject." The newspapers might not be supposed to know that her word *reluctant* was a wild understatement. As a matter of fact, Gandhi had given the lady a severe talking to, intimated that she was an apostle of degeneration, and had read her a rigorous lesson on normal human relations. Since he was misreported by Mrs. Sanger, Gandhi returned to the charge in a statement he gave to the press in Madras. "I have made a considerable study of the question," he said, "and have been in communication with many thinkers in Western Europe and America. I have come definitely to the conclusion that these artificial methods suggested by reformers today will prove to be death traps. The introduction of such methods can only do immeasurable harm to India." On more than one occasion he has denounced them as "a great evil," and shown himself a determined opponent of them. The magazine *Time*, which has a rather keen nose for inspired propaganda, also allowed itself to be caught in the cleverly wrought meshes of this latest press agentry.

St. Vincent's Example

AT the meeting at Wading River, L. I., on May 6 of the Conference Committee on Negro Welfare, a group of Catholic priests interested in publicizing work for the spiritual welfare of the Negro (cf. *AMERICA*, April 25), a communication was read from the Right Rev. Archabbot of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., dated May 1, 1936, and sealed with the Abbey's official seal: To Whom it may concern:

In a session of resident Capitulars it was unanimously declared that "St. Vincent's shall continue its past policy of not restricting the admission of colored men into the institution."

(signed) Alfred Koch, O.S.B.

Archabbot and President.

Commenting on the Committee's program, the Most Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, who attended the meeting as guest of honor, urged the Committee to continue the work of spreading abundant, exact, and effective information concerning the spiritual needs of the colored people and what can be done in their behalf. It is difficult to conceive of a pronouncement which can have more effect than that of Archabbot Koch in presenting the Negro in his true light as a member of

the Church and for inspiring the colored people themselves to labor for the welfare of their own souls. The mature and formally declared decision, as explained by the Archabbot's representative at the meeting, to permit no racial discrimination in any branch or part of the great Benedictine organization of St. Vincent's, is a major object lesson to the country in the true Catholic concept of race relations.

Parade Of Events

ASSORTED phenomena in the sociological field emerged. . . . More efficacious means of persuading inflexible husbands to move when the wife wants to move were being explored. A New York woman found setting fire to the house produced results. His old home on fire, her husband consented to move into a new one. . . . A stiffening attitude against the introduction of rattlesnakes into revival meetings was observed. . . . Indicative of the newer trends was the formation of the APTOHE (Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators). . . . A spirit of acquisitiveness was noticed in Tennessee as citizens began picking five-dollar bills from willow trees and cornstalks. The man who first saw the money, sociological students felt, inaugurated the practice. Floods deposited the bills. A friendlier feeling toward floods was reported spreading through Tennessee. . . . Revolutionary changes in the American manner of life were glimpsed. The old, familiar sight of dog catchers chasing dogs was fading out; the new, unfamiliar sight of dogs chasing dog catchers was coming in. In Michigan, a dog catcher resigned after a collie dog chased him two blocks. . . . Sternness toward traffic violators continued. A handcart pusher was apprehended for pushing past a red light. . . . "What's your name?" a policeman asked an auto-collider. "Scram," said the man. It was. . . . In Canada a dog barked thunderously; a horse immediately tripped over a wire; a cow fell into an oil tank. It was a sixty-dollar bark for the dog's owner. . . . A spirit of optimism spread among herring deboners with the news that more efficient methods of deboning pickled herrings were being developed.

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A Philosophic Odyssey and a Moral

JOSEPH GERARD BRENNAN

THERE was a young undergraduate in a Catholic college who had done well in the classics, in literature, and in philosophy. It was the latter subject that interested him especially. He found philosophy rather dull and incomprehensible at first. Gradually the breadth and significance of the Scholastic system dawned on him and he was absorbed by the subject. At the end of his senior year he wanted to know more about philosophy. He wanted to learn about the great history of the subject. He wanted to know more about Aristotle, whose thought Aquinas made the base of his lofty system, and about Plato, with whom Aristotle studied as a graduate student for twenty years. He was anxious to learn more about modern philosophy, more about why Kant was wrong in his epistemology and consequent metaphysics, more about Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and the other sonorous names which were too often just names and little else to him.

So great was this young enthusiast's interest that he determined to pursue philosophy further, he decided to make it the subject of graduate study. But with circumstances, financial and geographic, as they were, there was only one place where an approach to such larger knowledge was possible for him. That was the great secular university near his home. He had heard sinister tales about bigotry and prejudice, vague stories about philosophy students committing suicide, and atheistic professors of metaphysics. Never mind. In his youthful ardor and temerity, he was convinced that he could cope with even these shadowy fates, and that he would pursue the elusive queen of the sciences thither.

But our young undergraduate was not too rash, he was not headstrong and defiant. He asked permission of the dean of his college for his proposed graduate study. The kindly priest, dean for many years, heard the story of his youthful ambitions. At first the good Father was taken aback by this unusual proposal. Such a course of action seemed a little unwise, the consequences might well be disastrous. The young student should devote himself to the literary pursuits in which he had already distinguished himself in a small way. Graduate study in literature at this university, well and good. But philosophy . . . ? This anticipated reception of his plan sent the young student into a fervent plea, the terms and logic of which he had previously thought out in accordance with the sound principles of Scholastic reasoning. His argument ran something like this:

"Father, I know what you say is wise and kind and that you want to help me. But I am convinced that my plan and the reasoning behind it is sound. Granted a solid foundation in Scholastic philosophy, and granted a student of moderate level head, moderate intelligence, and some proficiency in his subject, and *if*—here the student launched out on his favorite, if a little muddled, hypothetical syllogism—" *if* Scholastic philosophy is sci-

entifically sound and logically unassailable, what fear should one have of a few puffs of foul weather at the university where a larger background in the history of the subject is available?"

"True," replied the dean, "but a young man whose intellect was not quite settled might easily be confused in the welter of contradictory doctrines propounded in such a place, and intellectual confusion and doubt might result."

"True, too," rejoined the student, "but did we not grant a student with a background in Scholastic philosophy and with a head as level as could normally be expected?"

The good Father, struggling between a smile and a frown, for he had not explicitly granted all that, yet not wishing to suggest that the youthful philosopher might not possess such a completely level head as he himself imagined, conceded the point. And after the student's statement that he could not leave home to study elsewhere, because of financial difficulties, the victory was won and permission secured.

The young student enrolled at the university, concentrated in those courses which had bearing on the history of philosophy, and avoided those systematic courses where subjectivism and pedantry might be found. He discovered a wealth of material in the courses on Plato and Aristotle. He studied under a scholar whose life was devoted to research on the developments of Aristotelian philosophy in medieval times. He struggled with a formidable course in Logic, which showed him that he had not applied himself as diligently to his college textbook as he might have, and that such a situation must perforce be remedied. He waded in some courses in modern philosophy, and if at times he was confused and puzzled, he at least realized what the modern thinkers were trying to say. He *saw* their point of view, even though he did not agree with it.

And in every class, from every professor, he received kindly interest in his own work and outlook and in his papers written from the Scholastic standpoint. He perceived no scoffing at his Scholastic philosophy, but a profound respect and, in many cases, a startling knowledge of his subject in those men not of his own Faith. He even found in another department of the university a Scholastic thinker whose recent book had made the scholars and philosophers of the country realize that here was a man to be reckoned with, and from this teacher he received many welcome words of advice and encouragement.

At last the young student took his final examinations for the master's degree, examinations which were at the same time preliminaries to a future doctorate. He passed, not with the very highest marks, but with modest distinction. But then cold facts made him pause and wonder. Would any Catholic college hire him as a teacher of Scholastic philosophy, a layman, part of whose background was acquired at a non-Catholic college?

The story had a happy ending, or, from the student's point of view, another story began with a happy beginning. An offer came to him from a well-known Catholic college, an offer to teach Scholastic philosophy. This was the ideal post where he could profit by his modest learning and perhaps at the same time continue further studies.

The question is this: was the Catholic college acting unwisely in offering the position to the student, or was it merely doing a fairly sensible thing, unconsciously indicating by its action the mode of procedure which must be adopted if our American Scholastic movement is to get anywhere? It seems a little illogical to maintain the former. For if Scholastic philosophy is to progress in this country there must be a notable increase in the number of students of the subject, and a corresponding increase in the number of teachers, a considerable portion of whom must be laymen.

Too long has Scholastic philosophy been popularly considered as the fenced-off realm of the priesthood. It is perfectly apparent that the clergy are superlatively able to handle the subject. But laymen are interested in philosophy, too. If they want to teach Scholastic philosophy, there must be jobs open to them. Catholic colleges must have lay instructors in philosophy, not to replace but to supplement the teaching by the Fathers. Well, then, one might ask, does the writer advocate a wholesale invasion of the graduate departments of philosophy in secular universities, as his example of the student would seem to imply? No; but the condition of this negative is that there

should be more than two or three Catholic graduate schools in the country which have adequate philosophy departments, where not only Scholastic philosophy as a system may be taught, but also where its historical background and relations to other systems of thought may be treated in a scholarly manner.

The impecunious young philosophy student cannot in every case travel a thousand miles and live for a year or two in a strange city. Even if there were a sufficient number of adequate scholarships from these Catholic graduate schools, they do not help if the student's presence is needed at home, where there are Catholic colleges, indeed, but no graduate departments of philosophy.

Let us get American Scholastic philosophy out of the hot-house. It is strong and vigorous enough to stand the open air. To Jericho with the ancient misconception that Scholastic philosophy is a mere prop to religion, an *ancilla theologiae* and nothing more, the teaching of which is the exclusive prerogative of the clergy! What is one to say when he examines a recent book of scholarly and scientific essays on the new Scholastic philosophy, and discovers that eight out of ten of these are written either by priests or nuns? Granted that more men like Father Edward Pace, Father Fulton Sheen, and Father Leo Ward would speed the progress of American Scholastic philosophy. But it needs, too, thinkers after the type of Louis Mercier, Orestes Brownson, and Edgar Watkin. The independent existence of Scholastic philosophy, as a consistent and scientific system of thought, is an established fact.

Our Mexican Guests

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

A WARNING recently went out from Thomas F. Mahony, chairman of the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado State Council of the Knights of Columbus, admonishing all Spanish-speaking people to avoid the sugar-beet districts this summer in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Montana. "Wage and working conditions in the sugar-beet fields," he said, "will be very bad this year. Unfair treatment and suffering for themselves and their families will be the lot of those who allow themselves to be misled by false hopes held out to them."

Since most of these families are Mexicans, and many of these victims of the atheist regime in Mexico, it will be well to remind ourselves of them and their plight.

It is in the ranks of the expatriates that we find the real suffering of the persecuted. In all there are probably 1,500,000 Mexicans in the United States. Most of them are in the Southwest, and except for a negligible minority all are Catholics. They have been admitted to this country on the non-quota basis and their admission has been a sort of barometer indicating the intensity of the anti-Church drive.

They are a pious folk, these ex-Mexicans, and their piety smacks of the Old-World Latin type that seems

very strange to our customary American dispassion. They retain the habit of kissing the priest's hand, a practice reserved in our own high places for milady's fingers. In cities as large as Albuquerque and San Antonio a Mexican thinks it not a bit conspicuous to genuflect reverently on the pavement outside the church door even though the church be on the main thoroughfare. "Suppressing the Sign" of the Cross in public places is unheard of. Their expressions in familiar conversations seem too personal and even irreverent to ears attuned to the Anglo-Saxon vernacular. *A Dios lo encomiendo* is the full meaning of their *Adios*. Of course their priests are always *Padre mío*, and to their seminarians they have attached the sonorous diminutive, *Padrecito*. These customs are all surprisingly common among them, but it is to be feared that they will soon take over American ways, many of which they could profitably leave untried.

Unhappily, however, the most abject poverty stalks along with their piety and leaves them in a most pitiable state. Whereas they were industrious and in many cases prosperous in the "old" country, and tilled their own acres, they are now for the most part housed in miserable adobe huts, dirty and crowded, with sickness a constant companion and death a frequent caller. The winter months

are the most desperate for them and the mortality rate is highest in January and February. One would expect that sin and marital entanglements ought to be just around the corner from conditions such as these, and in a people of weaker faith and lesser piety, immorality would undoubtedly be frightful.

The Mexican family in the Southwest is a large one and the individual is usually a home-loving body. Their musical inclinations go a great way in keeping them closely united and their most joyous experience is in the gathering of large family groups for an evening of song. Mothers, most of them with a brood of Pepes and Panchos, are amazed at the American lack of interest in home life, and particularly at the scarcity of children. "God does not bless them," they say. The joyous chattiness of the youngsters and their unaffected manner toward visitors brightens up even the most miserable of hovels. Though their little stomachs are empty their lips are always ready for anybody with a wide grin and a cheery *Buenos días!*

Within the church, adults as well as children have a fond, intimate way of praying that is reminiscent of the Italian peasant's informality of worship. Many of the parishes in the Southwest are almost exclusively Mexican, and all are very large, for there really are no funds for more and larger church buildings. One of the churches in San Antonio, for instance, with an estimated parish membership of 15,000, recently saw a collection of \$4.00 at the Sunday Mass! Many of the churches have no kneeling benches, and members of the congregation, young and old, kneel upright throughout the Mass and on feast days through several added hours of devotions. Kneeling for even ten minutes on a hard stone floor can become very painful!

The working condition of these poor people has been anything but improved by the recent unemployment; and by their contact with American methods they have been rather discouraged than inspired. The most industrious becomes less so in this environment, while the less active become downright sluggish. Resignation is their outstanding characteristic, and it is a notable fact that their almost universal attitude toward work is one of indifference. Of course, much of this is the fault of the customs prevailing in their own country, where work in normal conditions was unhurried, and long hours of slow thorough work were preferable to speed. They have carried this slowness into everything they do and say. *Mañana, mañana*, is the oft-heard protest. What employment they can find in this country is limited to the farming districts, but even in the remote places they have the coveted opportunity for frequent Mass and services.

Added to all these troubles, poverty, expatriation, unemployment, sickness, there is the contemptuous condescension of the average American for the "greaser." Among the Americans who incite this "gringo-greaser" animosity must be included those who dub themselves "Spanish-Americans" and who greatly resent any inference that they are Mexicans. They are indeed native

Americans, some of them dating their family connections back to the days when everything west of the Mississippi was in the possession of Spain, when the old mission trails served dust-covered Franciscan Padres from the Nuestra Señora del Pilar in Texas west to San Francisco Solano in California and south far into the State of Sonora. But even these native-born Americans of stock more anciently American than that of the innumerable Mayflower progeny are frequently discriminated against. One case of such discrimination that comes to mind was the attempt by the sororities of New Mexico University to exclude these Spanish-Americans from their rosters. But the "gringo-greaser" line is drawn even more finely and more cruelly, and that serious trouble is averted must be certainly attributed to the almost stoic resignation of the Mexican.

However, the gravest danger and the one uppermost in the minds of priests and educators in the Southwest is the fear that these unfortunate people, after being deprived of religious rights in their mother country and after making great sacrifices to reach the land where liberty of worship is assured them, will voluntarily throw away their faith in the free and easy atmosphere of American life. If they stay in this country, and many undoubtedly will, some sort of foresight must be had to preserve their own faith and to assure the religious education of their children. They of themselves cannot provide schools, and their inability to educate the children in Catholic schools will continue indefinitely.

One of the most harassed parish priests working among the Mexican refugees at San Antonio said: "Schooling? Just now it is my greatest worry, but many of the youngsters would not have the clothes to wear to school. Think of sixty families living in a tenement of sixty rooms and you have some idea of suffering Mexicans. When I saw the poor quarters in Mexico I saw nothing as bad as I have seen here. Most of our people are directly from Mexico and they reflect the years of persecution in a thousand different ways."

Casting about for a solution to the problem of our Mexican guests seems like casting in vain. What is yet to come from governmental sources in Mexico is impossible to forecast. The destinies of the refugees are closely bound up with those of their fellow-countrymen below the border. Their condition can be fully remedied only by a happy change of Mexico's policies, but that change has long since passed from the state of probability to one of mere possibility.

For us, however, there remains an opportunity of easing the hardships of these poor people. It is hard to ask for a gift of money in these lean years and it is harder to give it, but since the only true and permanent solution to the difficulty is at Mexico City, and since that solution seems further away than ever, the part of American Catholics is that of generous hosts to unfortunate guests. We have been neighborly in receiving them. The power to add bread and shelter to the freedom we have given them lies in our own hands.

The First Zeppelin Mass

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.

THROUGHOUT the world on Friday morning, May 8, a veritable forest of Hosts and chalices greeted the sun. One Host, one chalice rose high above all the others. For the first time in the long history of the Catholic Church, Mass was being said on an airship soaring aloft over the Atlantic. The tall, blonde priest turned to the congregation, and after a few words in German, said in English (I quote from his own manuscript notes):

"An unusual hour: never before have I experienced that at Holy Mass more photographers than worshippers were present. I have full understanding for this, when I consider the many millions to whom you will show the pictures. Hence I have no objection to your photographing.

"An historical hour: never before has this happened. The first Holy Mass on an airship above the ocean. Papal permission was necessary. It was secured through the Papal Nuncio, Msgr. Orsenigo, at Berlin.

"A Divine hour: to attend Holy Mass is a matter solely for the believing heart, and not for the skeptic eye. In this hour, for the first time aboard an airship the words of consecration are being spoken by the priest: *Hoc est corpus meum*, 'This is My Body,' and *Hic est calix sanguinis mei*, 'This is My Blood.' God is coming upon this ship for the first time in the form of bread and wine.

"An hour of love: Holy Mass is said for all peoples, for all nations, especially for those represented on board. We pray for them all.

"An hour of gratitude: to the constructor; to those in charge, Dr. Eckener, Commander Lehmann, the four officers of the watch, the entire crew to the last worker, all of whom are making this trip such a pleasant one. To God. God must be present when the ship is built. He must also be present as it is piloted, so that we may not only arrive safely in New York, but also safely traverse the ocean of life. Hence, *Gloria Tibi*, to God the Father, Who created the earth—to God the Son Who redeemed the world—to God the Holy Spirit who hallowed the world. Let the Amen be pronounced by the skies with the wonderful clouds surrounding us, the ocean over which we are hovering, the sun, the breeze, the stars. Let the Amen be spoken by the motors, the wonderful airship, the crew, the passengers. *Gloria Tibi*, Glory be to Thee today, tomorrow and in all eternity, Amen."

Father Schulte, the "Flying Missionary," celebrant of the Mass, after the ceremony said to a group on board: "It was perhaps the greatest tribute that could have been paid to the airship Hindenburg, that the Holy Father in Rome gave me permission to say the first Holy Mass aboard a dirigible. Certainly such a permission would not have been given to an airplane, as Mass may only be said where absolute safeguards are provided that no sacra-

mental wine be spilled during the Holy Office. To me it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life to have been able to say this Mass this morning while the ship was peacefully gliding along above the wide expanse of the immense blue ocean."

I had the privilege of accompanying Father Schulte around New York one afternoon. It was not until late in the day, in the quiet of his hotel room, after the press of autograph seekers and of people rushing to his car to see him had subsided that I was able to introduce a few questions about the historic Mass in the sky.

It was Father Schulte's own idea—that Mass on the Hindenburg. He requested permission from Msgr. Orsenigo, Apostolic Nuncio to Berlin, who was, of course, a bit surprised at the unusual request.

"I don't know. I will have to ask," he told Father Schulte. "However, I hope I can get the permission for you and that quickly. I will ask the Holy See to telegraph its answer." He then inquired from Rome whether he could "give permission to say Mass on an airship under the same conditions under which I can give permission for Mass on steamers."

A friend bought Father Schulte's ticket for the trip. Passports were secured, and just two days before the Hindenburg was to sail came the letter from Msgr. Orsenigo, expressing his best wishes for the air trip and enclosing the faculty for saying Mass *in aeronavi*. Dr. Eckener gave his permission, and the great Church of the Air floated out of Germany.

"Max Jordan, European representative of the National Broadcasting Company, was my acolyte and received Communion," Father Schulte revealed. "The weather was wonderful. Blue sky, blue ocean; chalice and golden vestments gleaming in the sun."

I asked him if there was any swaying during the Mass.

"Not a bit," he replied. "It was just as on land. The chalice did not even move at all. When I turned during the Mass to say 'Dominus Vobiscum' and the other turns, it was just as on land, and it was that way all through the Mass. The people attending were very much impressed." Some non-Catholics told Father Schulte they had previously entertained the idea that the Mass was a sort of mummery, an empty theatrical ceremony, but that they had been so profoundly moved they could believe so no longer. "You were so serious, so sincere: everything was so solemn and impressive, the Mass must be a holy thing."

No one on the airship was more enthusiastic than Father Schulte himself. "I never had an experience like it. For me, a pilot, it is wonderful to handle the controls in an airplane, to dash through the clouds, to soar over high mountains, but that Mass was my greatest experience in the air."

Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I., was pretty well-known

around the world before his latest cruise over the ocean. He is the founder of MIVA—*Missions Verkehrs Arbeitsgemeinschaft* (Missionary Communications Association), a society which provides and operates modern means of transportation—automobiles, motor boats, airplanes—for Catholic missions throughout the world, and is the first organization of its kind in the Church.

He was a German soldier during the World War, serving on both Eastern and Western Fronts, in Serbia, Rumania, and in Palestine. In Palestine a Turkish pilot took him for his first ride in the air and he was so thrilled he decided then and there to ally himself with the air service. Strangely enough, the man who was later to give such an impetus to the spread of the Great Teacher's message took his medical examination for the German air corps in the town where the Teacher lived—Nazareth.

The founding of MIVA came about in a rather strange way: After the War, Paul Schulte and his closest comrade in the army, Otto Fuhrmann, became Oblate Fathers. Otto was sent to the mission field in Africa. On a journey into the jungle with a caravan of oxen and mules, he was taken ill. Day after day, natives carried him back in a desperate attempt to reach a hospital, but their efforts were unavailing. He died alone and was buried by strangers in the wilds of Africa. As he sank into the earth, it would almost seem as though he spoke to his friend, Paul Schulte, in far-off Germany; as though he cried out: "Paul, an airplane, an auto would have saved my life. Paul, devote your life to equipping Catholic missions with modern means of transportation."

Father Schulte, as though he had heard the plea, sprang into action. He inaugurated a world movement, and ever since, a constantly increasing stream of automobiles, motor boats, airplanes have been pouring into Catholic missions all over the earth. Standing later by that lonely African grave, Paul Schulte held the skull of Otto Fuhrmann, old army comrade, in his hands, and vowed that as far as he could prevent it antiquated transportation facilities would never again kill a Catholic missionary, or retard the spread of Christ's message.

Father Schulte founded MIVA in 1927. Catholic mission effort, he believed, depended to a great extent for success on transportation. Horses, oxen, camels, mules, dog sleds, canoes must give way before automobiles, motor boats, airplanes. Through numerous and disheartening difficulties, he plodded on and eventually MIVA became a going concern. The highest missionary authorities in Rome approved it. He had the supreme happiness of hearing Pope Pius XI tell him in a private audience: "You do not have to arouse my enthusiasm. I am enthusiastic." Between 1927 and 1934 MIVA put fifty-eight automobiles, eight motor boats and seven airplanes into mission service in such spots as Albania, Lettland, East, West, and South Africa, Madagascar, Korea, New Guinea, and Brazil. During 1934 air-travel service was begun in the North Solomon Islands in the South Seas. To date more than a hundred machines of various descriptions have been sent to the continents of the world. In six months one South African MIVA pilot made 449 flights.

Father Schulte will return to Germany on the second trip of the Hindenburg, but will revisit America in the early summer and commence a series of flights through the northern Canadian mission field. I introduced him to Father Hubbard. The "Glacier Priest" and the "Flying Missionary" shook hands enthusiastically.

"You flew into a volcano," Father Schulte said admiringly.

"You flew all over Africa," retorted Father Hubbard.

"Perhaps we may meet this summer up near Alaska," both said together.

"I want to get planes for you in Alaska," Father Schulte went on. "I know you will say, perhaps, something about the upkeep, but we want to be able to pay for the upkeep, so the missions will not have to touch their little funds. Soon we will have every Catholic mission in the whole world equipped with automobiles, motor boats, airplanes."

The "Flying Missionary" and the "Glacier Priest" both look forward to meeting next summer somewhere up near the North Pole.

"If Catholics Really Believe"

STEPHEN A. LEVEN

IF Catholics really believe Jesus meant the Catholic Church when He said, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature,' why hasn't any Catholic priest ever come out here before?" It was in a little country schoolhouse six miles southwest of Bristow, during the first "Catholic Revival" in Oklahoma, that this question was first asked. The speaker of the evening was no little embarrassed and found it hard to give an adequate answer. He spoke of the small number of priests available for such work, of efforts made by priests in every land to take care of their own flocks and to reach those not of the Fold, but he could not escape a feeling of being obliged to "weasel."

"Why haven't you been out here before?" "Why didn't Catholics ever preach on the streets before?" The challenge was repeated in one form or another every time a Catholic speaker mounted Catholic Evidence Guild platforms in a new locality. It was not only asked in public but much more often in private. And none of the Catholic speakers ever felt he gave an adequate answer.

Why is there not more Catholic street preaching in the United States? The objections to it are all from Catholic sources. Non-Catholics invariably express their pleasure at the opportunity to learn something about the Catholic Church at first hand. The greatest respect is shown the Catholic speakers. Heckling is not permitted by the audience. Indeed, few priests who have had some experience in preaching to non-Catholics out-of-doors fail to observe the instinctive reverence and the attention of the average crowd. Similarly it is a matter of experience that few Catholics will make the efforts to arrange for and advertise the Catholic meetings that friendly Protestants do.

Catholic objections can be summed up under two heads: first, the fear that any such Catholic activity will result

in fomenting Protestant intolerance; and secondly, street preaching is supposed to be too undignified: it "cheapens" the cause. One might point out that both objections could have been used against Jesus Christ Himself—and probably were—but most can be best answered only by actual attendance at meetings. Lack of actual knowledge and experience of the reality is the only excuse for either objection. All who attend the meetings, whether they be Catholics or not, bear witness to the fact that outdoor preaching is one of the most effective methods of combating bigotry and prejudice, and the "dignified" mentality is fortunately fast disappearing. Jesus Christ founded the Church to teach all nations, to save and sanctify all men. His command was to *go*, not to "let them come and get it if they want it." He said nothing to His Apostles about maintaining a reputation for exclusiveness or dignity.

One often hears Catholic priests and laymen express an admiration for this form of apostolate but excuse themselves from engaging in it by magnifying the pretended special qualifications required for it. It is true, of course, that one must study to present oneself a fit minister of the word and, in this regard, those actually in the work will be the first to proclaim that one's best is never good enough. But it is a grave error to suppose that one cannot begin the work without all manner of special talents and years of special preparation.

The writer has had the pleasure and privilege of initiating some fifty individuals in this work; some have been priests, some seminarians, some laymen and laywomen; some have been experts in theology and some veritable tyros; some have been trained speakers, others have had no previous experience of public speaking. Observation and personal experience have convinced him that any priest can prepare himself for effective street preaching with very little effort, and any reasonably well educated

Catholic layman or laywoman can do likewise. Not everyone can do the same work with the same degree of effectiveness, but everyone can do something, and the humility which leads a man to say, "I'm not good enough for that sort of thing," smacks suspiciously of cowardice or indolence.

"Why didn't Catholics ever preach on the streets before?" Of course they did; they always have, from the days of Christ until the present time. Why is street preaching considered something new? Why aren't more doing it now? "If you really believe. . ."

Frankly, can we Catholics in the United States give an adequate answer to this challenge? How few there are who seem to care!

Thirty-thousand Catholic priests and millions of well educated Catholic laymen and laywomen hear Christ's plaintive plea: "Other sheep I have who are not of this flock; them also must I bring and they shall hear my voice," year after year on the second Sunday after Easter: why don't they do something about it? Of course, it would not be truthful to say that nothing is being done. Here and there a devoted priest, here and there a group of laymen are making great sacrifices to carry the message of the Gospel to those not of the Fold. Through the Catholic Hour sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, and the other efforts to utilize the radio for the diffusion of Catholic truth, many non-Catholics are hearing the voice of Christ's accredited teachers for the first time.

But what are these among so many? Talented and devoted priests set out to preach non-Catholic missions but defeat their purpose because they do not go where non-Catholics will come to hear them. If we are to make any successful attempt to "preach the Gospel to every creature," like Christ and the Apostles, we must preach by rivers and in markets as well as "in synagogues."

The Communistic Common Front

LAURENCE KENT PATTERSON, S.J.

THE common front is a recent development in Bolshevik strategy. Lenin long believed that world revolution was imminent, and hence sponsored drives to introduce soviets into capitalistic countries. But before his death in 1924 Lenin had reason to distrust such tactics. The dictatorship of Bela Kun speedily collapsed in Hungary; the Poles rose en masse in 1920 to resist the Communist rush upon Warsaw; while post-War turmoil in Italy resulted in Fascism, not in an Italian Soviet.

But the real disillusionment came as the result of Hitler's triumph. In the face of the rising Nazi menace German Communists, acting under orders, literally sabotaged the Left. They derided Social Democrats as semi-bourgeois, and scoffed at the middle-class Left as Social Fascists. The results were devastating from the viewpoint of Moscow.

Hence arose a radical change in tactics. The U. S. S. R. and its tool, the Komintern, now sponsors a common front against reaction and Fascism. Some examples of common-front tactics at home and abroad are illuminating.

Russia has re-entered the arena of international power politics in full force. At Geneva Comrade Litvinov looms large. To Lenin the League of Nations was bourgeois, imperialistic, reactionary, a fraud. As late as 1928 Stalin repeated this verdict. But today Litvinov plays the diplomatic game with skill at Geneva, Washington, London, Paris, and Warsaw. Stalin himself, seated beside Sir Anthony Eden, has toasted England's King. At Geneva, Litvinov depicts Soviet Russia and the Komintern as the bulwarks of peace, and as champions of international morality, and the rights of the oppressed. Dimitrov, the Bulgarian President of the Komintern, thus describes the common front: "The common front aims to unite small

proprietors, peasants, functionaries, and even bourgeois. *It capitalizes all grievances. We Communists oppose bourgeois nationalism. But we are not partisans of national nihilism.*"

A splendid example of common-front strategy is afforded by the recent radio address of Earl Browder. Much that he said was in perfect harmony with "Quadragesimo Anno." Browder stressed the maldistribution of our national wealth and income, noted the chronic cancer of unemployment, deplored the exploitation of many farmers and laborers, and demanded a Farmer-Labor party to struggle for social justice and sweeping reforms. Concerning the dictatorship of the proletariat, the liquidation of religion, the crushing of the bourgeoisie, Mr. Browder said just nothing. But he sought to place upon American Communism a patriotic mask. He chanted the praises of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. No longer are they rated as mere bourgeois heroes. Mounting the rostrum at the Union Theological Seminary, Comrade Browder did not proclaim that "religion is the opium of the people," but depicted Communism as a movement struggling for peace and social justice.

Cooperation is the watchword. The American Communists seek to penetrate peace movements, have even joined the Y. M. C. A., are active in the schools, and evangelize the disciples of "Father Divine." No longer are orthodox Socialists derided as Social Fascists. Norman Thomas is supported in his struggle against the old guard. Bourgeois liberals are now greeted as welcome allies by American Communists.

In France the common front produces similar results. French Communists have united with Socialists of all shades and with Radical-Socialists (neither Radical nor Socialist in fact, but a Masonic-swayed party composed chiefly of petty bourgeois and more affluent peasants), to form the Popular Front. The heroes of the great revolution are lauded as forerunners of true popular democracy, while De la Rocque is derided as the descendant of an emigré nobleman, a traitor to France. Yet to Lenin the French Revolution was but the victory of the bourgeoisie over the clergy and the feudal noblesse!

Since the Franco-Soviet pact French Communists have renounced anti-militaristic propaganda. *L'Humanité* now depicts the French army as a bulwark against Hitlerism, and exhorts young Communists to the faithful performance of military service. The French poilu is a potential comrade-in-arms of the Red army man.

In Spain the Communists gladly united with Socialists and left-wing Republicans during the recent electoral struggle. The Komintern did not spare its funds, according to reliable evidence. The Communists even marshaled Syndicalists, direct-action men, to whom Lenin was a reactionary, and induced them to vote. The success of the common front in Spain "astounded even its contrivers."

In London, during last December, the English "Friends of Soviet Russia" met in convention, with 750 delegates in attendance, claiming to represent 1,500,000 persons. An appeal signed with 151 names, many of them in "Who's

Who," was issued. This document praises "the steadfast peace policy of the U. S. S. R.," denies "tales of religious persecution in Russia, of famine, of slave camps, of oppression." Nearly all the signers are Socialists, or Fabians, or merely Liberals. All, to quote Father Ledit, S.J., are "dupes of the Soviet." Part of the common-front strategy, especially in the English-speaking world, is to mask the essential atheism of Communism. Religious persecution in Russia is "camouflaged." It was but the "liquidation of the reactionary clergy." Yet Stalin himself has signed the energumen Jaroslavsky's "Anti-Religious Five-Year Plan," which calls for "the multiplication of atheistic cells." In Moscow but thirty-five out of a thousand churches are still devoted to public worship. Throughout Russia crushing taxation throttles the churches which still function.

Stalin is now attempting to mask the ruthless dictatorship of his party beneath a veneer of democratic forms. Again, he and his colleagues even encourage a revival of Russian nationalism. "We love our country as the standard bearer of Soviet humanitarianism." *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* "Holy Russia" and "Pan-Slavinism" are thus creeping back beneath the Red flag. Yet the ideal, the *Weltanschauung* of Communism remains unaltered. It is still "true popular democracy," i.e., an atheistic, classless society, brought into being through the dictatorship of the proletariat, relentlessly liquidating all opposition.

"Let us cooperate," say the Communists to evolutionary Socialists, to bourgeois Liberals, and even to Catholic social reformers. "Let us fight against imperialism and war." "Let us struggle together against the abuses in the present economic order." "Let us unite in the cause of world peace and social justice." "Let us ignore our religious differences." But no true Christian can cooperate with Communists. Their final goal cannot change, they must strive to hasten the coming of a Godless, classless society. Communism is really a religion, Marx is its Allah, and Lenin is his prophet. Atheism is not a mere addition to the Communistic creed; it is the "Rock" upon which it is founded. If this be masked by the common front, the leopard has not changed his spots; he has but altered his tactics.

The common front is a real menace. How shall Catholics combat it? Mere negativism is not an adequate answer. The fatal error is to identify the cause of the Church with collapsing bourgeois capitalism. For collapsing it seems to be. Some form of corporate society seems slowly and painfully emerging from the welter of depression. In Spain the governing class, mainly Catholic by tradition and profession, failed to redress industrial and agrarian abuses. Today Spain is in dire peril. In Russia the Czars and their bureaucracy failed to end what Lenin called "the Russian mess." So Lenin himself became the terrible scavenger of the old regime.

Communism waxes strong upon social misery and economic oppression. It capitalizes and perverts the longing of millions of the exploited for peace and justice. In

our own land 10,000,000 Americans are still unemployed. Slums exist which rival those of Barcelona. The Arkansas and Alabama sharecroppers equal in misery the exploited peasantry of Andalusia. Here is the raw material upon which the common front of Communism feeds. Mere repression is not the final remedy. It can but postpone the day of reckoning. If the charity of Christ cannot move

our ruling class to radical social reforms, at least it might ponder the fate of the Russian nobility and capitalists. Self-preservation dictates that we "clean up the American mess." If Hamilton Fish, in his eloquent reply to Earl Browder, had suggested some constructive policies as an antidote to Communism, he would have improved his able address. Negativism cannot meet the common front.

Education

They Know Not What They Do

JOHN WILTBYE

PERHAPS, like myself, you were "raised" in an old American community in which Catholics were a pitiful minority. If in addition, you are of convert stock, it is probable that most of your associates, as well as of your relatives, were members of some Protestant church. Mine were, but they were not of that pale and anemic type that we meet today, whose religious affiliations are loose and shifting, and who when they go to church, probably listen to a sermon which shows that religion is a matter of opinion which need not be taken seriously. It is not their fault, poor dears, but what milk-and-water Christians they are compared to their grandfathers!

Some days ago I met with an old boyhood friend, and we sat up talking until the midnight chimes bade us remember that we were no longer young. Both of us came from a Protestant community, and the subject of the greater part of our talk was the old-time Protestants we had known. There was Uncle John, that stern old Presbyterian, who spent at least an hour every day on his knees, and Cousin Mary, like that Dorcas praised by the Apostle for that she abounded in good works, and old Mr. Stewart, who in fifty years had never missed a Sunday sermon (except, of course, in the years he had ridden hard and fought hard under Gen. John Morgan, C.S.A.) or a prayer-meeting on Wednesday night; and those faithful souls who at the Negro church, in intervals of heart-stirring spirituals, shouted and praised God in their own fashion.

If they hated the Catholic Church, as most of them did, it was because they believed that it was an evil thing. They hated in ignorance, not in malice. But they believed in God; they believed that His Son, Our Lord and Saviour, was truly God, and that the Holy Spirit was our sanctifier; and they believed that God would reward us if we followed His law, and punish us if we did not. They were a stalwart race, and of the simple faith of all whom we knew, we had, then and now, no doubt.

It affords Catholics no pleasure to reflect that we can find but few of these old-line Protestants today. Quite the contrary, for in too many instances these men and women who held intact the greater part of God's revelation to His people have been succeeded by children and grandchildren who have rejected all of it. Some of Uncle John's children were baptized, and some were not. Of

their children, not one has any religious belief of any kind, or, at least, none publicly owns to any. Go through that country today, and you come upon church after church in the rural districts once flourishing, but now abandoned. In the towns, the pulpits are occupied by men whose very attitude is so far from a challenge to an unbelieving world that it is, rather, a fumbling apology for the few poor shreds of Christianity which they still retain.

Nearly every year I meet and talk with some of these grandchildren, most of them with growing children in the home. Rarely is the home a Christian home. Old traditions persist, and with them often a goodly store of natural virtue, but of active Christianity, there is not much. "Don't you go to church any more?" I asked one of these great-grandchildren, a sprig home from the State university. "Why should I?" was the rejoinder, quite without heat. "Brother Southgate is a good old soul, and I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, but you know as well as I do that what he preaches is just his own private opinion. You don't expect me to take that, do you?"

Well, there it is. Much of what Brother Southgate preaches is just a private opinion, and not a very well founded opinion at that. Certainly, it does not stand up against the opinions, more baseless yet more appealing, handed out at the State university. These have about destroyed every vestige of religion in my young friend, as they have in thousands of others. If I were a Protestant as, thank God, I am a Catholic, it seems to me that I should outdo AMERICA in protesting against the school and college without religion.

Some fifty years ago, Mr. Justice Brewer could still say that this was a Christian country, in fact and by tradition. He could not say that today. Fifty years ago, the inevitable results of schools without God had not made themselves fully felt in the country. For the first thirty years (assigning the rise of the secular school roughly to 1840) the publicly supported schools were practically adjuncts of various Protestant churches, as they had been in the colonies. In some rural districts they are that, although to a much smaller extent, and quite illegally, today. But viewing the country at large, it is sober truth to say that the result of sending our children to schools in which they are taught nothing about Almighty God or their bounden duties to Him is a race of men and women

to whom supernatural religion supplies neither a creed, a code of conduct, nor a philosophy of life. Surely in standing forth as the defenders of these religion-destroying schools, our Protestant brethren know not what they do.

In its issue for February 6, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, expressing regret that the Ohio Protestant Pastors' Association had approved a resolution opposing all State aid for elementary and secondary schools in which religion is taught, put these questions. Surely, an honest answer should show these pastors what their resolution really means.

1. Is it not a fact that religion and morality are the most important elements in the education of children?

2. Is it not atheistic, as well as anti-Christian, to exclude religion and morality from the entire public educational system of the country?

3. Should not religion and morality be given at least as much attention and as frequent attention as "readin', 'ritin,' and 'rithmetic'?"

4. Is not the determined effort of conferences of outstanding Jews, Protestants, and Catholics to find some practical way of supplying for the public-school children of their respective faiths the deficiency of religious and moral teaching in the present

system, not only an indictment, but a conviction, of the inadequacy of that system?

If the child's most engrossing interests during its character-forming years are divorced from religion, do these reverend gentlemen think he will suddenly become religious when he is eighteen years of age? One might as well forbid the boy to be taught reading and writing, and expect him to celebrate his eighteenth birthday by presenting the world with a critical commentary on Shakespeare's tragedies.

But what of the Catholic children in these schools? At least half of all our children come under the influence of no Catholic school. Considerably more than half of them frequent the public high schools. How many of them will be Catholics twenty years hence?

It is not a pleasant thought. Does our unwillingness to think about these Catholic children in the public schools, daily growing more and more out of touch with religion, explain why what we do to help them is so pitifully inadequate? The causes of defections from religion are many, but the most powerful among them is the educational system which knows nothing about God and nothing about man's final destiny.

Sociology

The Sociology of Art

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

WITH serious concern over "cruelty to humans" and non-observance of the social Encyclicals whether in letter or in spirit, John J. O'Connor, in the issue of *AMERICA* for May 16, exclaims: "Catholic social-justice propaganda goes round and round. But nothing ever happens. We want action."

I am not prepared to grant that "nothing ever happens." Nothing like what ought to happen; but there are a few signs of life. I readily agree with Mr. O'Connor, however, that we need action, and cannot give too much thought or time to the problem of securing it.

Here and now I have no pretense to unravel this knotted theme. The modest aim of the few following lines is to suggest one type of action, which will by no means satisfy Mr. O'Connor, but may serve as a slight hors d'oeuvres temporarily pacifying his ravening appetite. It has the great advantage that it can immediately be engaged in, and with more effect than you are apt to imagine, while waiting for the major operations to begin.

Ideas in this connection were suggested by the theme that was assigned for a symposium, held under the auspices of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, at the College of Mount Saint Vincent, in the City of New York, on May 17. As soon as I learned that the conferees were going to take up the topic of the "Sociology of Art," it occurred to me that here was a vein where a little exploration might prove profitable, if we were concerned over the difficulty of arousing the Catholic social conscience to function, or to translate its dictates into action.

An expression like "sociology of art," labors of course under the indetermination which attaches to the word *sociology* itself. (Do not let us stir up the lions by asking what is meant by "art.") If we use sociology in what seems to be its most generally accepted sense, as a scientific study of the phenomena of human relationships—or group relationships, if you prefer—; then I suppose that by the sociology of art you mean a study, in inductive fashion, of art as it has been, throughout all epochs and regions, a manifestation of these human relationships; and, to a certain extent, their cause. Such a study, of course, would be enormously varied and attractive. It would take us back to prehistoric man, whom we know of chiefly by his art, and remarkably capable art it was. In fact, it would lead us through the entire field of human cultures. The customs, the beliefs, the virtues and vices of humanity are so intimately linked up with art that the story of art is simply the story of mankind; and the sociology of art would be pretty much the whole of social history, ethnology, history of religion, and what else.

If we understand by the life of men their social life as distinguished from their purely individual life, and are concerned with art as an influence rather than with art as a manifestation, then one can subscribe to the definition which was provided by the authors of the symposium, that "by 'sociology of art' is meant the actual influence which art has in the life of men." "From the nature of this influence," they added, "the social function of art might be deduced."

With Mr. O'Connor's eye upon me, however, I confine myself solely to the question of art as a means of securing social action. Here, it would seem, a useful distinction could be made between art as a means merely of exciting the desire for action, and art as a guide to action; which may be illustrated by an example.

We have been deluged of late, in rotogravures and on the screen, by photographic pictures of the horrors of war. Laurence Stallings, as we know, added his pen to the camera in order to shock us. The sight of these horrors naturally inspires in any normal individual the utmost desire to act so as to put an end at once and forever with such a curse upon the human race. (What they may do to non-normal individuals is an unpleasant speculation.) Thus far, the photograph has achieved its purpose. But has it achieved a social function? I fear not, because the impression ceases with the effectuation of that desire. There is no indication as to *how* one may act. None whatsoever, as long as there is a mere photographic record, and art has not come into play.

Let however the artist take hold of this theme, and he can immediately suggest—rightly or wrongly, skilfully or crudely—some method for dealing with the situation. It may be revolution, it may be prayer, it may be education, it may be the Kellogg Pact as the basis of the reorganized League of Nations, as Mr. Shotwell proposes; but the artist, if he wishes, can always provide some type of guidance. The classic example of this is the poster, as a means of exciting mass action, as when Howard Chandler Christie depicts for Mayor LaGuardia the Spirit of City Planning wafting the 50,000 old-law tenements into airy nothing as a gentle hint to New York's real-estate corporations; or the modern revolutionary mural which suggests the rough-and-ready methods of the torch and the barricade.

The function of art, then, is not only to provide a stimulus to social action but to suggest the method of action. It has likewise a further function, of a much higher nature, which is to instil an idea of the ultimate aim or goal of such action; in other words, to inculcate a philosophy of life as applied to social action. To the one person who is moved to actual violence by the revolutionary mural, poem, or drama, there are ten thousand who absorb from its flamboyant forms or lines the concept that man's destiny ends here below, and that his highest virtue lies in extinguishing those persons who would teach him allegiance to a higher Power. In this, rather than in its immediate excitement, lies the menacing function of anti-social art. If art, then, is to provide a partial solution of the problem of inspiring social action based upon Christian principles, it will imply by its very nature a philosophy of life based upon those same principles. But how is this to be accomplished with the same vigor and definiteness as is achieved in art that advocates destruction?

When such a question is proposed, I hear some persons say: Let us make our art spiritual, and it will inspire to lofty action. If the word *spiritual* implies a Christian philosophy of morals, this of course is true. But there

is danger of a serious delusion in such a counsel, and this delusion lies at the root of many of the failures in the field of modern religious art. The mere fact that art is spiritual does not necessarily mean that it is inspired by a Christian philosophy of life. The most spiritual art that man has ever conceived is found in the great masterpieces of Buddhism, so brilliantly described by Laurence Binyon. Nothing more sublimated, more literally unearthly, has been delineated by the hand of man than those timeless, tenderly majestic figures of transcendent divinities. Yet their lesson of passivity and reincarnation is repugnant to our basic Christian ideas. And shall we not see in our times a birth of militant irreligious spiritualism? Indeed, not the flesh, but the revolting spirit shines out of the revolutionary production. As far as mere *flesh* is concerned, there is considerably more of it in Rubens or Veronese than in Gropper's cartoons. But for all their failings the Old Masters, while but falteringly *spiritual*, were deeply *religious*, while the spirit that breathes in Gropper is the spirit that dissolves the social Christ.

The movement which aims to eradicate God and the supernatural from human life demands today an increasing moral discipline from its adherents, and emphasizes culture, which is a manifestation of the spirit. Following the pattern of famous heresies, the movement can perfectly logically step upward—for the present—rather than downward; and cultivate the spiritual life in the very interests of revolt.

To come to a definite proposition in answer to this call for some immediate Catholic social action: it seems to me that there is an extremely immediate task that lies ready for Catholics in every field of art, which is to embody at once the ideas and the ideals of the Catholic social program in the various forms of art which experience and psychology alike have proved to have influence on the conduct of men. I admit that this is a highly controversial task, and that the various attempts that have already been made to do so in the various plastic and literary arts have called forth storms of dissent; much of which may be well deserved. But we can only learn by experience, since no ready-made rules—outside of certain general precautions—are available in such a field. Unless, however, we are active and prompt, we shall find that our subtlest and most powerful arms, not those of the flesh but those of the spirit, of mystical, transcendent beauty, will have been stolen from us by the enemy. So France today is suffering from the inflictions of an André Gide.

When such emergencies are at hand, we find, as a rule, that Mother Church does not leave us unprovided. The art of the Church, termed liturgical art, as applied to the action of worship, will give us many a practical suggestion as to the application of art to the action of social reconstruction. It is but an ancient problem under a new form, and we have abundant resources with which to meet it, if we do not fall into the Rightist error of confounding spirituality with religion; or the Leftist mistake of blindly imitating revolutionary fashions. At any rate, here is some action that can be done at once, and that needs no synods or Church councils to initiate.

With Scrip and Staff

CONSIDERABLE flurry appears to be at present in the camp of Soviet sympathizers over the correspondence which Edmund Wilson has been issuing, through the pages of the *New Republic*, concerning his investigations in Moscow. Mr. Wilson's observations on things as he found them reaped some very unkind cuts from some of the faithful ones: "Anti-Soviet viciousness . . . Hearst could not do better." "Quite trivial stuff." "A hodge-podge." "An intellectual's contortions in trying to convince himself that while 'Communism' is acceptable to him, 'Communists' are only worthy of contempt," etc. Most of which is quite unfair to Mr. Wilson, since he is always very careful to explain to the bourgeois reader that however nasty things may seem in Russia, he (Wilson) has had some unpleasant experiences in the United States. And that explanation should satisfy anybody.

Mr. Wilson's most tactless performance, from the point of view of the die-hards, was his complaint (April 15) that Little Father Stalin was turning into a Byzantine ikon, and was doing scant good to himself nor to the holy cause in the process.

This glorification of Stalin is undoubtedly one of the things in Russia which affects an American most unpleasantly. The paper comes out almost every day with a photograph of Stalin on the front page, either standing with a distinguished visitor or, if there is no distinguished visitor, visiting somebody or something himself; and every speech and important document ends with a tribute to Stalin, like the prayer at the end of a sermon. Stalin is plastered all over the place, and even genuinely popular public figures such as Litvinov and Voroshilov are such a long way behind him that they seem scarcely to belong to the same race.

When I spoke of this to a Russian, I was told that Stalin himself did not like it. And since I have been back, I have heard the same opinion expressed by a Russian who was anti-Stalinist: "The situation is so tense," he said, "that they have to have an ikon."

Mr. Wilson asks if it is "wise for him to allow this deification to be carried so far as it is." In Russia "the name of Stalin cannot except furtively be taken in jest." In some quarters they are afraid even to utter his name at all, "like the unpronounceable name of God with the Jews." "This relation of the people to the dictatorship," he further observes, "is the core of the whole Russian question and must be faced and honestly dealt with by any advocate of Socialism in America."

NOTHING, I should imagine, would be further away from Mr. Stalin's mind than the idea that his country or his person should cause scandal or embarrassment to sympathetic Socialists in other parts of the world, particularly to Socialists in the United States. The whole plan of the Stalin policy is to set up Socialism in one country so as to exemplify it for the rest of the world, and by so exemplifying it, to win the rest of the world to it by mere sight of its excellence and attractiveness. Americans are the favorite objective in such a stupendous

advertising campaign; and if even American radical sympathizers can find little comfort for their souls or their bodies in what they actually see in Russia, the scheme would have rather pathetically miscarried. Stalin would be in the position of the manager of an amusement resort who is unable to persuade his customers that they can have a good time or get a decent meal when they enjoy his hospitality. They would miss just what they came for.

There is not much consolation, then, for the Little Father as manager of the big show, when Mr. Wilson, his gilt-edge customer, finds (May 13) in Soviet Russia "a decidedly hysterical edge to the upper reaches of Moscow life, just as there is in America." Or that "there is at present a whole hierarchy in Russia based on various degrees of ability and on different departments of service," or that "the atmosphere of fear and oppression is really pretty oppressive. It has evidently become more tense since the Kirov assassination. A foreigner cannot talk to them about politics at all—least of all about the Kirov affair." And he wonders, after an odd experience in a hotel bedroom, "why a phrase which certainly represents one of the commonplaces of current Soviet thought should be all right for a Communist speech but dangerous for a private conversation." Or that the Park of Culture and Rest is appallingly insipid, monotonous, and depressing, filled with pale lifeless, and flaccid mortals.

Of course, explains Mr. Wilson of the terror, "it is no worse than Hollywood (though the penalties—death and deportation—are greater). Stalin and Kaganovitch are hardly more sacred names in Moscow than Schulberg and Thalberg on the Coast." However, there is this difference, Mr. Wilson. Death and deportation are rather serious things: about as bad as they make them in the way of penalties. And then we do not *all* need to go to Hollywood, or to Bethlehem, Pa., or other spots that you mention as likely to get one into trouble. But every man, woman, and child in the great wide U. S. S. R. has to live under Mr. Stalin and his honored associates, whether they like it or not. And they cannot escape. Were not you yourself, as you frankly state, continually surprised by the number of Russians who were "crazy to go to America," and who longed to experience some change from what they were enjoying?

THE Communists are proving uncomfortable bedfellows for the Socialists, not for the Old Guard alone, but even for the most cordial advocates of cooperation and united front. In France, where the Popular Front enjoys some taste of the spoils of victory, Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, wishes to preserve what is precious in "Republican institutions," and refuses to accede to Communist Maurice Thorez' plan of establishing local soviets. Norman Thomas, in this country, caustically criticizes the "Communists' new line," as expounded by Earl Browder, and concludes that owing to Communist unreality and confusion of thought "for the overwhelming majority of Socialists organic unity with the Communists is out of the question": though he still believes in cooperation.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics**The New York Theater**

ELIZABETH JORDAN

IF this mad world of ours goes into another war it will be done despite the passionate protests of American playwrights. They are doing their best to stem the rising war tide, and in eloquence and logic we have had recent proofs that their stemming is effective.

Our first Spring example was Robert Sherwood's brilliant play, "Idiot's Delight," which has won the Pulitzer Prize. From this play thousands of spectators are nightly learning something about the ghastliness of war. Mr. Sherwood puts over much of his most vital propaganda as comedy, but it is immensely impressive just the same, and in one or two of its more serious moments it chills the spine. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, when compared to the light thrown on the black subject of war by "Bury the Dead," it is as a dim candle to an electric torch.

"Bury the Dead" came into New York unostentatiously. It is a drama written by Irwin Shaw, produced at the Ethel Barrymore Theater by Alex Yokel, and acted by the Actors' Repertory Company, of which New York knew very little on the opening night. It knows plenty about that company now.

The new drama, so quietly and modestly introduced, has thrilled the big town. Nothing more deeply impressive and more vitally interesting has been offered to playgoers in a long, long time. Even the most seasoned spectator, the most blasé cynic, is thrilled by it. There is no comedy here. There are moments when the play tears at the nerves, moments when the strain of the mounting drama is almost unendurable. To summarize its plot in a sentence or two is to convince the reader that such a plot could not be made to seem credible in presentation. But "Bury the Dead" nightly convinces its audience that it is credible, that its episodes *could* occur, and that the only question in the spectator's mind is why something of this attractive character had not been offered us long before this.

The action of the play shows us six dead soldiers, standing up in the trench in which they were killed, and refusing to be buried. For a time they do not speak, but their attitudes, their silence, their implacable resolution to remain upon the earth, chills the blood of spectators. At last the women they love and who love or have loved them, are sent for to persuade them to consent to burial. To these women—the mother of one, the wife of another, the sister of a third, the sweetheart of a fourth—the dead men finally give their reasons for refusing burial. They were too young to die. They have never lived. They must live, at least a brief moment, before they are buried.

This is no new theory. But as presented by dead men, in their own simple everyday words, for they are simple, everyday boys in their early twenties, their arguments carry conviction. They have no wish or intention to annoy the living—to obtrude their presence in any way.

They merely intend to remain, for at least a short time, in the active, human world. Religion, ethics, ideals, do not enter into the play at all, and one must judge it from the viewpoint of the dead boys. Its reasoning is their reasoning, its logic their logic; and both, for the hour, are surprisingly convincing. The shock of their appalling deaths, one feels, had temporarily galvanized these boys into a frantic and frenzied clinging to the semblance of life.

The playwright leaves his problem in the air, which is the only place for it. But the short drama is so superbly written and acted that it made the first-night critics ignore the almost equal excellence of a shorter drama, presented to fill the evening program. "Bury the Dead" is in length only a two act play, and the author was wise enough not to pad it by a word. "Prelude," the shorter offering of the program, was admittedly written as a filler. It is now as admittedly the equal of its dramatic companion.

Here the plot is of an extreme simplicity. We see three young veterans of the war—a blind soldier, a legless soldier, and an armless soldier, sitting together. The blind man is reading aloud to his companion from a book in Braille. The legless man is making poppies. The armless one—helped by an artificial hand and arm—is making a raffia basket. Their talk, as they work, plunges the spectator into the most dramatic and the most terrible scenes of war. The nerve attack into which the poppy maker is thrown by his own reminiscences is one of the most dramatic scenes of this present dramatic season, and one of the best acted. The newcomer, who plays the role, Will Geer, will be heard of in the future. So will his companions, Robert Thomsen and Frank Tweddell.

As entertainment "Prelude" and "Bury the Dead" are superb for those who can bear having every note of their emotional gamut struck again and yet again. As propaganda, the two, properly distributed over the earth, should end war. The pity of it is that such plays can be produced only in times of peace. When war stalks in our land we have to embrace the hideous monster and pretend we love him. Otherwise we become what is supposed to be that lowest of worms (in wartime), a pacifist!

Let me say a good word for the really satisfactory Spring revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas which S. M. Chartock is giving us. Any producer who makes such an experiment is at once up against the standards of the English and the Winthrop Ames production so fresh in our memories. But Mr. Chartock has brought together a number of the Gilbert-Sullivan favorites in earlier offerings—such as Frank Moulan, Vivian Hart, Vera Ross, and William Danforth. He has surrounded them with a good company and a very satisfactory setting. The whole effect is bright and gay and the music is as charming and melodious as when it was written. Indeed one of the special attractions of these revivals is that one enjoys not only the present offering but, in retrospect, all the others one has seen. I had a really gorgeous time listening to "Pinafore," "Trial by Jury," and "The Mikado."

The abrupt closing last winter of Mrs. Schaffler's brilliant drama, "Parnell," was one of the surprises of this dramatic year. Its sudden revival this month is almost equally surprising. It seemed on the way to a long run when it was taken off without explanation. Its revival now, at a season when most theater lovers are leaving town and most theaters are closing, stimulates the mental processes of those who are left behind.

The producer, Pierce Power-Waters, has given us a new star, Dennis King, for the leading role, and has engaged Edith Barrett as his leading support—with her name in larger type than that of Effie Shannon, most wisely re-engaged for the role of the spinster aunt. In this role the incomparable Miss Shannon very nearly carries the entire play, as she did in the original production. Miss Barrett, as always, is charming and artistic. I cannot make Dennis King fit into the skin of Parnell any better than his predecessor did in the original company. However, "the play's the thing." No Irishman or Irishwoman who loves a good play should miss seeing "Parnell."

I have never understood why the old Palace Theater, and its vaudeville programs, went on the financial rocks some years ago. I enjoy good vaudeville immensely and I was a pretty steady patron of the Palace in its day. I never went there without finding the theater crowded. It was always necessary to get seats well in advance if one wanted good ones. The price of such seats, as I remember it, was a dollar and a half. Yet we were told that there was a yearly loss at the Palace, just as we are told that there is a yearly deficit at the Metropolitan Opera House, even though every seat there is filled at every operatic performance and there is usually a long line of would-be patrons who can't get seats at any price. In both cases, Palace and Metropolitan, I am assured by those supposed to know, the trouble lay with the stars. The stars demanded unreasonably high salaries. No producer could pay them what they asked and make money himself. Now both vaudeville and opera have recently made a fresh start. Both experiments, though so different, were very interesting.

Gus Edwards, who certainly knows the vaudeville world, gave New York another chance at vaudeville with his Broadway "Sho-Window," at Fifty-third Street and Broadway. He followed the old two-a-day tradition, and he gathered in the best of the old and more recent favorites—many of whom he himself originally introduced. Best of all, he put on his show at a low price. The best orchestra seats were eighty-eight cents in the evening, and fifty-five in the afternoon. For this small price one was given an amazingly good entertainment, with all the familiar features of a young and pretty chorus, much good singing, clever dancing, imitations, clowning, take-offs of present "hits," short comedy skits, and the like. Two or three of the newcomers—notably Joe Dorris, began at once to blossom into stars. Notwithstanding all this the show closed in a few weeks, leaving Mr. Edwards \$11,000 short on his venture. The climax is as sad as it was unpredictable.

A Review of Current Books

Always a Perfect Day

MY GREAT WIDE BEAUTIFUL WORLD. By Juanita Harrison. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50. Published May 12.

WHEN Juanita Harrison, world-roving colored woman who wrote with scant grammar or spelling but with an artist's eyes and a novelist's instinct for human doings, was caught with a crowd of Japanese in a typhoon between Korea and Shimonoseki she "had never laughed so much." "it was just like you would sweep up a long row of bright apples in a trough and then turn it upside down again. . . its great to be a good sailor."

Wrote Juanita at the close of her trek to everywhere in creation: "I want always to be where wealth health youth beauty and gayness are although I need very little for myself I just want to be in the midst of it. I have reversed the saying of Troubles are like Babies the more you nurse them the bigger they grow so I have nursed the joys." In this process of nursing joys her chief assets were an astounding physical vitality and gusto that made her sleep by preference in an Indian railroad station because it was the style of a world wanderer or impelled her to ride horseback up Vesuvius and scramble over the fence at an exposition so as to hobnob with the plate-lipped African ladies while economizing on admission fees; a liberal share of olive-skinned and raven-tressed good looks that belied her years and made innumerable young men and nice older men as polite as lambs whenever she went; and an ability to make friends with every possible mortal regardless of language or custom. "Phesant women" and children in every clime immediately accepted her as one of their own, since she learned the native dances and always made a bee-line for the market and cooked the native dishes—even in China enjoying such a "Delicate Stewed Cat," or dished up "nice beef hog ears celery onions macaroni and potatoes" in Barcelona.

It seems to bear out a reasonable theory that the people who get the most fun out of seeing the world are those who see it from the bottom up and not from the top down, and no one from Uncle Sam's territory can do this more happily and with more general satisfaction to all concerned than the American Negro, for whom there is an instinctive bond of sympathy with all other out-races and humbled peoples, but also in a mysterious manner, with the old Catholic culture such as is found in Spain. Once her bonnet was laid aside and a mantilla on her held-proud head, Juanita was a señorita of Valencia or Seville, and received into the family circle to eat chestnuts and warm her feet in the hot ashes under the dinner table. She went to Mass as a matter of course, and to the church in the evening for prayers. "I must have a will of my own," she wrote from San Sebastian, "otherwise I would have become a Catholic." She finally settled down on Waikiki Beach, near St. Augustine's Catholic Church. "all the time I alway long to live in the Showad of a Catholic Church not a Protstant that look alway like a Jail as they open it only on Sundays." And she admired the love of all the "Phesant women" for shrines. Indeed, she said, "I am shriney myself."

With all her gusto, Juanita Harrison is "auful foxie." The nice gentlemen could go so far and no farther. When a boy "got fresh" in Djibouti, Haile Selassie's last foothold in Africa, "I landed one somewhere near his eyes such a groan and holding his face. . . . So at the end of a perfect day I was to tird I could hardly climb up the steamer ladder."

I recommend your book, Miss Harrison, to those numerous but deluded people who think that they "know the Negro." And now, having seen most that is in the wide world, you might begin to make plans for a much greater journey, at some (let us hope distant) time, where the will-of-your-own will fail, and a higher Will alone can be your guide.

JOHN LAFARGE.

Towards Totalitarianism

DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM. By Raoul E. Desvernine. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

THE author voices an accusation current in many circles that the Roosevelt Administration has adopted measures intended to transform our political institutions and remodel our social and economic order in a manner incompatible with American traditional ideas. He recognizes the essential oneness of the diverse forms of dictatorship and endeavors to arouse the American people to the danger to constitutional liberty inherent in the New Deal. His analysis may be summarized in an interpretation of the title of President Roosevelt's *On Our Way*: On our way from constitutional democracy through the New Deal to the Totalitarian State! The author's method is to investigate the words and works of New Deal officialdom and the past and present legislation of the Administration by comparing them with the principles of constitutional democracy on the one hand, and with the tenets of totalitarianism on the other.

Mr. Desvernine's analysis of the American form of government, especially the chapters on the Supreme Court and the evident attempt of the Administration to lessen its influence, is masterly, and in these days of wishful thinking and false political philosophy merits the highest commendation. But the underlying assumption of the work as a whole goes counter to fact. Throughout Mr. Desvernine seems to assume the possibility of democratic constitutional change, preferring to ignore the stifling hand of high finance and big business on our democratic processes of government. His criticism of the failure of the New Deal to employ constitutional methods in adopting social and economic reforms, the wisdom and feasibility of which Mr. Desvernine prudently refrains from discussing, may be countered by charging the adherents of *laissez-faire* with obstructionist tactics and subtle manipulations of democratic processes whereby the constitutional democracy of our Founding Fathers became an unconstitutional plutocracy. The consequence of such tactics was inevitable. Deprived by the concentrators of wealth and political power of their representation in the legislature, convinced that any attempt to bring about constitutional reform would be blocked by the controlling interests, is it any wonder that the American people acquiesce in the "unconstitutional" measures pursued by the present Administration?

Mr. Desvernine's indictment of the New Deal rings hollow, for unfortunately he has made himself the spokesman of that very group of obstructionists who, having usurped the liberties of the American people, now invoke the sacred name of Liberty. True, there is a choice before the American people: the democratic despotism of the New Deal, the unconstitutional plutocracy of the Liberty Leaguers, or the constitutional democracy of our Founding Fathers.

ALOYSIUS J. OWEN.

Rejecting the Cornerstone

THE MAN WHO KNEW. By Ralph Waldo Trine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

THERE is much in this book about the human nature of Christ that commends it to the reading public. It is to be regretted, though, that the author denies the Divinity of Christ. One puts the work down with the same disappointment that was felt in reading *The Autobiography of Charles Dickens*. Does not the author realize that the Divinity of Christ is the corner-stone of that Christianity which he professes? If Christ was not God of God, Light of Light, consubstantial with the Father, the world was never redeemed, for no adequate satisfaction for the infinite evil of sin could have been offered by a mere man, even a most perfect one. When the author speaks of "the divinity of man that the Master revealed," he really denies the Divinity of Christ. The author despises "institutionalism" and "dogma." Had he known a little more about dogmatic Christianity, he would not

have missed the real meaning of Christ's words: "I and the Father are one." Were it not irreverent, one might smile at the words of Christ about Joseph: "He is a good scout," and the statement of Joseph: "You have been more than an obedient son to your mother and to me. I have had a responsibility—nine of us to care for, and work not always plentiful."

The author's application to the "ecclesiastical system" or Church of the strong words used by Christ to characterize the Scribes and Pharisees is entirely unwarranted. His attack on the virginal birth of Christ, like that of Mary Borden in *Mary of Nazareth*, is most offensive. In the initial chapter Christ is represented as the eldest child of Mary with four brothers and two or more sisters. The fact that in the Aramaic language, used when Christ lived on earth, the same word was employed to designate brother or cousin seems to be unknown to him. So, too, the unanswerable arguments by which the Fathers of the Church proved that the brothers and sisters of Christ referred to in the Gospels were not real brothers and sisters, but cousins, seems to be unknown to the author.

If it is of any interest to the author, I should like to remind him that it is an article of Faith for over 300,000,000 Christians that Mary was a pure virgin *before* the birth of Christ, that she remained an *involute* virgin *during* parturition, and that she remained a virgin *after* the birth of her Divine Son. His effort to disprove the perpetual virginity of Mary is a signal failure.

In this work, just as in a previous book, entitled *In the Fire of the Heart* and published in 1906—a sociological study of much merit—the author looks upon "the consciousness of God in the soul of man" as the "sum and substance of all true religion." If he had read the Encyclical on Modernism written by Pope Pius X in 1907, he would not have repeated this error in 1936.

To say that "the essence of all religion is the consciousness of God in the mind and soul of man" is to mistake a means for an end. Living in the presence of God is a means of sanctity, a means of living up to the obligations of religion. The emotions come into play in the exercise of religion, but our Faith is, as St. Paul says, a reasonable service and essentially involves acts of the intellect and will.

HERBERT C. NOONAN.

Shorter Reviews

SPRING STORM. By Alvin Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

NEBRASKA is prominent in recent fiction. While in *Spring Came on Forever* Bess Streeter Aldrich wove the fortunes of four generations into a beautiful and touching chronicle, this story limits itself to the adolescent adventures of the son of a school teacher who had recently migrated from the East. The storm is the boy's passionate love for the young wife of an elderly neighbor. It is all close to the soil and brings out clearly the virtues and vices of the farming people. Homely philosophy abounds, revealing at once the shrewdness of the people and their almost total lack of the guidance and support that comes from religion, though the author has the courage, rather uncommon in modern novelists, to make his hero conscious of the Ten Commandments. The natural features of the country form a harmonious background for the characters and lend an added tone of reality to the story. The closing reflection that good loam holds the promise of abundant crops, even though in the beginning it produces little but weeds, sums up the author's judgment on the boy's mad yielding to passion, and he is shipped off to college for a fresh start.

W. A. D.

MY LIFE AND WORK. By Dr. Adolf Lorenz. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

DR. LORENZ, famed principally for his bloodless operations and cure of congenital hip luxation and club feet, here tells of the full days of his more than eighty years. There is much of work in this book, but more of life at home with his wife, his friends, his art, much of the world and of the great.

His early schooling in a Benedictine monastery is completed at the gymnasium and the University of Vienna, where after intense work and troubles he becomes the father of German orthodoxy.

A great heart and a well-balanced mind speak in this book, and yet there are strange remarks concerning religion. He protests that he is a Catholic; yet in Texas after refusing an invitation to Mass he attends a Protestant service, and to show his broad-mindedness explains to his friends: "We pray to the same God," and adds: "I did not repent my choice" and "the complicated ceremonies of a high Mass will always be enigmatical and incomprehensible to the laity." He prefers to pray in "God's open nature," and there is never a mention of churchgoing after school days. He is certain that "a visible deformity has never been straightened out by prayer alone." To work for eternal bliss is Godless and conceit. A man must work for others and present his good works on the last day. They will turn the balance that may be against him. Sins will be "forgiven through all eternity, whether men themselves be denied or granted the privilege of living that long."

Thus indifference toward religion, agnosticism toward miracles and immortality, and Pelagianism with regard to his good works are not very good proofs that the doctor is a Catholic. Still let us, if we can, interpret them as temptations of doubt against the faith he has in him. The very uncertainty with which they are affirmed, together with the doctor's charity and reverence for God's moral law, may cover a multitude of sins. We are quite in love with the old man. T. E. D.

MAN AND BEAST. By Theodore Maynard. Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50.

IN this slender volume of poetry there is variety of emotion ranging from that of a mere mood-poem such as "Leave the Window Open" to the explicit moralizations of "Tidal Basin: Washington." There are nature-poems, restrained and delicate; there are poems of simplicity and religiousness, such as "Candles"; there are several poems that tell of the poet-exile's longing for the home of his childhood in India and his English home of later days. There are five stanzas called "Woman and Child," that are a lovely expression of innocence in a child and purity in woman. "The Virgin's Slumber Song" is a sweet lullaby that one day should be set to music. Among the longer poems the best sustained is "Coronation Ode," on the coronation of the Queen of Heaven. But despite their variety some of the poems seem to have been written more from a deliberate sense of external appropriateness than from the inner necessity called inspiration. One misses at times the wildness and abandon of the true lyric mood, due, no doubt, to the fact that many of the poems are narrative either in form or substance. The technique, though limited and regular, is exquisite and finished. T. L. C.

SELBSTVERLEUGNUNG: Eine Aszetische Monographie. Von E. Raitz von Frentz, S.J. Einsiedeln: Benziger & Co.

THIS is an original and very thorough scientific study of the theory and practice of self-denial. The author strives to clarify and amplify what Christian tradition has handed down on self-abnegation by drawing on whatever contributions the modern sciences, especially psychology and the history of religions, can make to a fuller understanding of the subject.

The first part is devoted to self-denial in general. Its nature and divisions and its place in religious living are investigated. The practice of it among pagans, Moslems, and Jews, as well as among Christians of various places and times, is reviewed. The doctrine of the New Testament, the Protestant interpretation, and the Catholic tradition, are presented. Then follows a very interesting chapter on the psychology of self-abnegation. The first part closes with a consideration of the aberrant conceptions and practices of asceticism that have appeared in the course of

the ages. Subsequent sections of the book deal with particular forms of self-abnegation, such as humility, interior and exterior penance, patience, meekness, martyrdom, and heroic self-renunciation.

The work ought to prove very interesting and helpful to all those who, not content with the practice of the harder things, or even with the knowledge that they ought to be practised, would welcome a thorough exposition, from the Christian point of view, of the *rationale* of self-renunciation. And satisfaction with the theory may promote the practice. A. G. E.

THE BIBLE TREASURY. By J. C. Squire and the Rev. A. E. Baker. Grosset and Dunlap. \$1.00.

WITHIN about 440 pages the editors have arranged readings from the Bible for every day in the year. The text is that of the Protestant translation called the Authorized Version, but some selections are included from the deuterocanonical books which Protestants usually leave out of the Bible. Where feasts like Christmas occur, care has been taken to use appropriate passages; in general the aim is to cover all parts of the Bible and to produce an anthology with appeal to every man, no matter what his religious beliefs.

Contact with great literature should have a good effect on the average man, and both foreword and preface show that the editors had hardly any higher concept of the Bible. About half the preface is devoted to sounding the praises of the literary excellence of the Authorized Version. The editors claim to have no fear of miracles, yet when speaking of the confirmation of biblical history that has of late years come from archeology, they lightly set aside the miraculous factor in the capture of Jericho. The foreword by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon is a model of current Protestant vagueness; it does not rise above natural religion; mention is made of Our Lord, but He is only human, the Man of the Ages, and the culmination of human experience. Capital letters are used with profusion and seem to indicate what gods the doctor worships. The name of God does not appear, however—strange omission in recommending the Bible, the book of God's revelation of Himself to sinful man. It would seem as though, having lost the key that unlocks the mysteries of the Bible and makes it a source of supernatural religion, Protestants retain merely a blind faith in the printed page and a wistful appreciation of its human beauty. W. A. D.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SOUL. By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

GOD can be known mystically, that is, without the use of reason and sense knowledge. So far, so good. The lamentable fault of Dr. Jones' study is that he makes the attainment of mystical knowledge essential to religion. This is to leave out the poor of Christ and exalt the *gnosis* of the few.

"Religion is essentially constituted by the conscious relationship of a personal self in vital correspondence with some sort of Objective Reality." Conscious relationship means feeling. "The soul feels as though it had entered the stream of life itself." Like Schleiermacher, Dr. Jones throws reason overboard and returns to the "babyism" of which he accuses the externalists. It may be babyish to obey authority and listen to reason, but it is still more characteristically infantile to follow feeling and not to think. Logically, the author finds the height of religious perfection in "the actual awareness of an environing Mind, as the child."

Pantheistic Immanence is in the tradition of Plotinus, Eckhardt, George Fox, and the Quakers. The author might not admit this classification for himself, but his statements seem to bear it out. We are "the candles of the Lord," even part of the flame. There are elements of truth in Dr. Jones' findings, and it might avail to compare his doctrine in all detail with, let us say, Abbé Anger's exposition of the Mystical Body of Christ. J. W.

Communications

Letters to insure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Recollection

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your editorial "America's New Editor" you refer to the fact that his immediate predecessor, Father Parsons, "has lectured to popular gatherings and to learned societies in every large city in the country." It may not be out of order to recall the fact that in March, 1935, he was invited to address the Bar Association of Nassau County. On that occasion he delivered a notable address on social and economic reconstruction and was given a most cordial reception and listened to with deep appreciation by a representative gathering of members of that body, the vast majority of whom did not consist of his co-religionists. Through the courtesy and at the request of the President, Eugene W. Denton, Esq., I was accorded the rare privilege of presenting the distinguished follower of Loyola to the members of the legal profession in this county.

Glen Cove, N. Y.

JOHN P. MCCARTHY.

LaFarge Exhibit

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently our art students, whom I had advised to attend the LaFarge exhibit at the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, came to me with enthusiastic and glowing reports of "the most beautiful exhibit" they had ever seen. These lovely, unspoiled characters seemed to sense a veritable kinship with the noble spirit which so truly permeates his work. Later I managed to steal enough time for a brief visit to the exhibit. Even with the glowing account of the students in mind, the marvelous beauty of the work far exceeded my expectations. To try to tell of my appreciation would be useless, but I am sure that you will understand when I say in all sincerity that in all my experience in the field of art, I was never conscious of such perfect understanding, admiration, and respect as I was before those remarkable masterpieces of the great John LaFarge. The "Christ and Nicodemus" made a profound impression on me. The hesitating, nervous timidity of the gentle, old doctor of the Law baffled by the utter simplicity of the Divine Teacher Who with profound understanding and gentle patience unfolded His eternal truths to His visitor, could only be visualized and expressed by one who had gotten quite close to Him.

I certainly believe that our students will profit by learning more of the life of the nearest to us of the great Christian artists.

College of Mount St. Vincent, N. Y. SISTER MARY ANDREW.

Spain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to add some brief comments to the masterly article, "The Truth about Spain," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for May 2.

According to *El Debate*, the Right and Center polled 5,051,000 votes in the February election while the "Popular Front" received but 4,356,000 votes. This is the "sweeping victory of the Left" of which our journals speak. Due to the vagaries of an absurd electoral law, the Left gained 264 seats against 164 for the Right and forty-four for the Center. Twenty-eight per cent of the voters, 3,700,000 in numbers, abstained. A large majority of these are Rightist in sympathy. Some failed to vote through apathy, others were Monarchists who refused to "recognize" the "vile Republic," and not a few those who "want things to get worse in order to get better," i.e., they are ready to "play with fire" in order to

hasten the advent of a Fascist dictatorship. The Right presented no real "Common Front." At times differences were stressed between its various elements. But the "Popular Front" clicked like an organized army. The Right fought for "religion, the fatherland, the family, and private property." But Padre Marina, in *Razon y Fe* for April, sadly admits that many Rightists defended selfish vested interests under the heading of "property." After November, 1933, Padre Marina states, progressive proposals for agrarian and industrial reforms were "throttled."

The Masonic-Communist-Socialist-Syndicalist Front in Spain capitalizes "the moral and religious misery of the masses" (Marina). Economic conditions among the peasantry of Andalusia and Estremadura; among the Asturian miners, and in the industrial towns, are often appalling. Yet Padre Ballesta states: "Before the Revolution of 1931 the conservative classes were closed to all suggestions of social reform. In this atmosphere Christian social work was asphyxiated." Cardinal Goma, the Primate, in his Pastoral of July, 1933, writes thus: "For our ancient Spanish Faith has been substituted a religion of sentimentality and routine. There is lacking the training of the Catholic conscience in what concerns Christian duties in the social order."

I defer to Father McGuire's superior knowledge, but I do not share his confidence that a Union of Spanish Soviet Republics is practically impossible. Trotzky has stressed the analogies between Czarist Russia and Spain. "Europe will burn at both ends." Blindness, apathy, and greed on the part of the privileged classes have brought Spain to the brink of an abyss. Will our "Liberty Leaguers" take warning?

Woodstock, Md.

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON, S.J.

Debt

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reading over the article "What about Deflation?" by Richard Dana Skinner in the issue of AMERICA for April 18, I believe that an entirely erroneous impression is apt to be obtained from a comparison of our present debt situation and that obtaining seven years ago. While it may be true that the total debts now and then stand about equal, and that the interest payments on the present debt are less than those of 1929, still the important fact to fix in mind is not the total amount of the debt, but the character of the debtors. Seven years ago, the Federal Government was a debtor only to the extent of about sixteen billion dollars, and the balance of the debt was composed mainly of self-liquidating private loans to the banks; while today over thirty billion dollars of the debt is composed of non-liquidating loans to the Government, and the balance of private loans, for the most part self-liquidating. Because of this very fact, after a period of over five years of hopeless milling around, are we still in the bottom of the depression, and there we are likely to remain until the Government reverses its policy and permits private enterprise once more to resume its task of providing employment for the people.

Michoacan, Mexico.

ROYAL P. JARVIS.

Anthracite

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your correspondent, Thomas F. Slattery, asks: "Can a sensible economist see any rational deduction other than to cut the rate scale and as a result, the cost of coal (giving the miner more money per week because of more work) and thus regain lost markets by competing with the low cost of oil, gas, and coke?"

In other words, your correspondent would permit, or shall I say, compel the miner to work more hours at the same pay in order to accumulate profits for the operator and thereby save the decaying anthracite industry. May I ask what is to prevent the oil, gas, and coke industries from adopting a like cut-throat competition at the expense of their employees, and thus divide the nation into the very rich and the very poor? If the workers refuse poverty, then revolution!

Fort Washington, Pa.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.

Chronicle

Home News.—On May 7 a second deficiency bill was introduced in the House. It carried a total of \$2,364,229,712, including \$1,425,000,000 for relief, which was \$75,000,000 less than the President's budget request. The group demanding a definitely marked amount of this for the PWA was defeated in a Democratic caucus. An amendment was approved on May 8 providing for payment of the prevailing rate of wage. The bill was passed on May 11, 341 to 38, and sent to the Senate. On May 11 by a vote of 220 to 153 the inflation bloc forced consideration of the Frazier-Lemke \$3,000,000,000 Farm Mortgage Relief bill. The bill was defeated, 235 to 142, on May 13. Before the vote was taken, Speaker Byrns read a letter from William Green, stating that the A. F. of L. executive council opposed the bill "largely because of the inflation feature." The Administration's tax bill was held up in the Senate Finance Committee. On May 10 Senator Byrd listed eleven large corporations which, he said, would have paid no taxes on their 1934 earnings and dividend distribution, and on May 13 Secretary Morgenthau admitted that under the proposed plan half of the larger corporations would have obtained substantial tax reductions on the basis of their 1934 earnings. On May 12 the President was reported willing to accept a compromise on the measure if it produced the needed revenue and carried out the plan of a tax on undistributed earnings. Senator Harrison submitted a tentative plan: a combination of the present corporation-income tax and a graduated surtax on undistributed earnings. On May 8 the Senate passed the Navy supply bill and sent it to conference. On May 13 it passed the bill modifying procedural provisions of the Bankruptcy Act of 1934. On May 8 at a press conference the President said he had, in conferences with industrial leaders, undertaken a search for employment through expansion of industries whose products would be in demand if prices and purchasing power could be adjusted. An instance would be houses if costs could be reduced through quantity-production methods. On May 12 WPA Administrator Hopkins stated that local governments would have to make larger contributions to have their relief projects approved, and that fewer heavy construction projects would be included in the new WPA program. The estimated population of the United States on July 1, 1935, according to the Bureau of the Census, was 127,521,000, an increase of 3.9 per cent over April 1, 1930. In the Ohio primaries, Robert A. Taft, "favorite son," won forty-five delegates and Senator Borah five.

New Roman Empire.—On May 9, Premier Mussolini appeared in the Palazzo Venezia and read decrees announcing that Ethiopia was annexed to Italy, appointing Marshal Badoglio Viceroy of the territory, and giving to King Victor Emmanuel the new title of Emperor of Ethiopia. Said the Premier: "Italy at last has her empire."

It is a Fascist empire because it bears the sign of the lictors and fasces of Rome, because this is the goal toward which for fourteen years . . . younger Italians have been tending." The nation celebrated its victory unrestrainedly, leaving grave problems to diplomats and to the military. Upon Marshal Badoglio still lay the necessity of occupying vast regions of territory and of disarming millions of natives. While in the League and the various Foreign offices there were the great questions of continuance of the sanctions and of official recognition of the new conquest.

Ethiopia's Protests.—A long report was sent from Paris on May 2 by Wolde Mariam Ayeleu, Ethiopian League delegate, charging use of mustard gas by Italians on defenseless Ethiopians. Counter-charges were made by the Italians. The first set of charges were repeated in a public statement from Jerusalem on May 9 by the Emperor Haile Selassie, who said that he intended to plead his country's cause at the next session of the League Council beginning June 16. Representatives of seven smaller European States conferred on May 9 upon the situation. It was reported that the group were strongly in favor of upholding the League's prestige and against lifting sanctions, but that they were hesitant to take any lead until they had been informed as to the British and French attitudes. League figures indicated that sanctions against Italy had an accumulating force. Italy's trade deficit in March with nineteen countries was put in pre-devaluation gold dollars at \$3,940,000 against \$2,642,000 a year ago, and \$3,150,000 in February. Italy's oil was bought chiefly from Rumania and Russia. The USSR sold Italy 6,856 tons of lubricant in February, 1936, against none in February, 1935.

Italy Leaves the League.—"Under alarming and humiliating circumstances" (Jules Sauerwein), the League Council convened on May 11. At the very opening Baron Pompeo Aloisi of Italy objected to the presence at the Council table of the "so-called delegation of Ethiopia," and left the room for a brief interval as a protest. The session, however, continued without him, which was interpreted as a tacit recognition by the League that there was still a native government in Ethiopia, as was stated by Wolde Mariam, Ethiopian delegate. The afternoon of the following day Baron Aloisi, with the entire Italian delegation made a dramatic exit from the meeting. Within an hour after their departure the Council adopted a resolution to the effect that further time was necessary "to consider the situation created by the serious new steps taken by the Italian Government," and decided to reconvene June 15 (later June 16). In the interim, they saw "no cause for modifying the measures" previously adopted. With the exception of reservations by Chile and Ecuador against continuing sanctions and by Argentina against adjourning the dispute, the decision was unanimous. No other business was transacted, and the Council adjourned. The revision of the League was being studied at Geneva. Prime Minister Baldwin of Great Britain

announced that his Government had accepted "under all reserve" a copy of the Italian decree annexing Ethiopia and proclaiming Victor Emmanuel the new Emperor. Facing a bombardment of questions in the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin indicated that Britain had not yet decided to recognize Italian annexation or to refuse recognition as in the case of Manchuria.

Spanish President and Cabinet.—On May 10, the Spanish electoral college, consisting of Cortes Deputies and officials recently chosen by popular vote, met in Madrid and named Manuel Azaña chief executive of the Republic. However, the Deputies of the Popular Action party, as well as the presidential electors chosen on their ticket, cast blank ballots in protest against the present Left Government's failure to guarantee fair popular elections and to lift the martial law prevailing in the country. At the same time about thirty Monarchists abstained from the meeting, and the number in this bloc was doubled because Monarchists had deliberately refused to name candidates in districts where they would have won. Hence only 874 out of a possible 946 electors attended the meeting. On the following day amid scenes of great splendor Sr. Azaña took the oath of office. On May 13, the new Government was announced. Sr. Casares Quiroga was named Premier, after refusals to accept the post by Indalecio Prieto, leader of the Socialist moderate faction, and Diego Martinez Barrio, speaker of the Cortes.

French Cabinet Preliminaries.—Interest during the week centered upon the formation of the new Government and upon the meeting of the Socialist party's executive council. At the latter M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader already named as the next Premier, made a speech in which he stated that the popular vote had clearly indicated that the country wanted its new Left Premier to be bold, courageous, and semi-dictatorial in the exercise of his powers. M. Blum also appealed to the Communists to take part in the new Cabinet. But the latter, while promising support of the Government, refused participation. On May 13, the Radical Socialist party announced its willingness to take part in the Popular Front Government, and M. Blum spent the day in conferences looking to the formation of his Cabinet.

Nazis Fight Christ.—Archbishop Groeber, of Freiburg, declared in a sermon that there are forces in Germany which "no longer want Christ to rule over the German people." Bishop Buchberger, of Regensburg, Bavaria, said the Catholic papers are fighting for their very existence. He pointed out that the official Nazi youth literature bristles with attacks on the Catholic Faith. The Nazi drive against parish schools grew in intensity. Catholic and Protestant parents in Wuerttemberg were intimidated into registering their children in the Nazi schools. In Stuttgart ninety-four per cent of the children enrolled in the State schools and the percentage was described as higher in the smaller towns. Pressure was brought to bear on the children to induce them to join the atheistic

Hitler Youth group instead of the Catholic associations. Arrest and imprisonment of priests continued. In Viersen, Rhineland, thirty-three of the thirty-eight inhabitants of a Catholic settlement voted against Hitler. Nazi storm troopers put up a sign on the door of the settlement: "Beware! Thirty-three traitors live here." The Catholic Bishop of Berlin warned: "... an increasing number of voices are heard opposing religious activities."

Hitler Guards.—More than 200 members of the Hitler Special Guards were reported arrested suspected of plotting against the Hitler regime. The British questionnaire, designed to bring about clarification of Chancellor Hitler's proposals for a new basis for European peace following his repudiation of the Locarno treaty, was received at the Berlin Foreign Office. The document was described as eminently acceptable to the Reich Government in view of its conciliatory tone and the fact that it was devoted almost exclusively to peace proposals providing a basis for friendly elucidation of the German position. Dr. Fritz Reinhardt, Secretary of State in the Finance Ministry, revealed that the national budget was still unbalanced and the Reich's debt still growing.

Starhemberg Out.—The Vienna Government issued the official announcement: "Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, Vice Chancellor, has resigned from the Government in consequence of differences of opinion on matters of principle with Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg." President Wilhelm Miklas entrusted Dr. Schuschnigg with the formation of a new cabinet. The new Cabinet declared its task was the concentration of all patriotic forces, unification of political leadership, clarification of relations between the Fatherland Front and State institutions. Dr. Schuschnigg took over leadership of the Fatherland Front from Starhemberg.

British Proposal.—On May 7 the British Government presented a four-point program for uniform international regulation of the arms traffic to the Royal Arms Commission. The proposal contained the following principles: (1) strict control of arms manufacture; (2) publicity for arms produced, exported and imported; (3) establishment of an international supervisory organ; (4) responsibility to that organ for the accuracy of returns on manufacture and trade. Officials at Washington viewed the British proposal of international traffic in arms as inopportune because of the impossibility of completing an international treaty at the present time.

Britain's Naval Request.—Great Britain is reported to have recently requested the permission of the United States and Japan to exceed the destroyer tonnage limit in the 1930 naval treaty. The London Naval Pact of 1930 limited destroyer tonnage for the United States and Great Britain to 150,000 tons and 105,000 tons for Japan. The State Department at Washington, however, officially denied that Great Britain was negotiating with the United States for an increase in destroyer tonnage. Furthermore,

it was pointed out that if Great Britain planned to build destroyers in excess of treaty limits, recourse to the escalator clauses of the 1930 treaty with notification sent to the United States was all that would be necessary.

The Pope's Two Addresses.—The Catholic Press Exhibition opened in Vatican City on May 12, bringing journalists from thirty-five nations in Europe and America and from fifty-three States in Australia, Africa, and Asia. Neither Germany nor Russia, however, was represented. The Holy Father chose the occasion to make two statements assailing Communism and State encroachment upon the rights of the Church. Speaking on May 11 to a group of Hungarian pilgrims, the Pope called Communism "an immense peril, a common enemy which seeks to penetrate everywhere." To the journalists next day he pointed out that Communism imperiled "individual dignity and the sanctity of the family, of order and security, of the social structure, and above all of religion." The Pope then took up the relations of Church and State, announcing himself as profoundly affected by the "shipwreck many souls will suffer in the present recrudescence of error and vice, backed by violence and fraud, and also by iniquitous laws, as is the case in more than one country." The Church, added the Pope, concedes to the State its own sphere of action and teaches respect for it, but the Church cannot admit that governments can get along without morals. The Holy Father asked the journalists for help in warning the world of these grave dangers.

Little Entente Decisions.—A long communiqué was issued on May 7 at the close of the Little Entente meeting in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, stating in general that it would support the independence of Austria, oppose change of frontiers and the return of the Hapsburgs. It stood for collective security and for economic cooperation of the Danube States, and would remain staunchly united.

Japan's New Bill.—The Hirota Government prepared a bill to be introduced in the Diet making the publication of industrial information that formerly had been commercial news, a crime of espionage under a general mobilization secrets bill. The measure is based on the principle that industrial power now is military power. The Government will have the power to designate the defense industries important to national defense. Press reports fear that the law will prohibit the publication of statistics regarding almost every industry. Moreover, presidents and directors of industries are made liable for disclosures made by their employees.

Regency in Egypt.—The newly elected Egyptian Parliament convened at Cairo and announced a Regency of three after ignoring the names presented by the 16-year-old King Faruk. By unanimous agreement of all parties, Parliament substituted its own choice of Prince Mohammed Aly, Aziz Izzet Pasha, former Foreign Minister, and Sherif Sabry Pasha, Under-Secretary for Foreign

Affairs. The choice was regarded as most satisfactory to the Wafdists and British. On May 10, an all Wafd Cabinet was formed under Mustafa Nahas Pasha.

Palestine Riots.—Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, British High Commissioner to Palestine, received word from London that his request for a battalion of Royal Scots Fusiliers with a company of light tanks had been granted. The High Commissioner explained his request as the result of the rise of lawlessness in Palestine during the last few weeks. Meanwhile, Arab leaders at a general conference representing all Arab towns voted unanimously on civil disobedience by all Arabs in Palestine. The conference decided on the non-payment of taxes by all Arabs and the continuation of the boycott of all Jewish shops.

Mexican Events.—Archbishop Pascual Diaz was reported to be seriously ill in Mexico City. He underwent a blood transfusion on May 8, which improved his condition slightly. President Cárdenas, who had been operated on for appendicitis, was recovering rapidly. On May 13 in Mexico City, 20,000 Puebla members of the Mexican Federation of Workers protested against the National Revolutionary party imposing its candidate for Governor, who was defeated in the primaries, and threatened a general strike. A strike of National Railways workers was scheduled to begin on May 17. The company claimed that it could not meet the workers' demands because of its financial condition.

Women's Welfare Work in USSR.—Leisured Soviet women of the better class, wives of highly paid directors and technicians, were formed into an organization for promoting social welfare among the workers by volunteer effort. Much opposition was encountered to their efforts from trade-union officials, whom women accused of jealousy and bureaucracy.

Pilsudski's Heart.—On May 12, first anniversary of Marshal Pilsudski's death, Poland honored his memory. Amid imposing ceremony, his heart and his mother's body were laid to rest together. It was the Marshal's will that his heart rest at his mother's feet. A mile-long procession marched past the mausoleum lowering its flags in homage to mother and son.

In a piece that is sure to stir to the depths anybody who reads it, G. K. Chesterton will return to his greatest paradox, "the notion of that great eternal Thing terribly returning." His paper will be entitled "The Strange Talk of Two Victorians."

The press has recently carried the news of several important utterances of the Holy Father. John LaFarge will offer some reflections on them in "The Catholic Press and Communism."

How Gandhi and Christianity are in rivalry for India will be told next week by V. C. George in "The Heart of India."